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# PROCEEDINGS

OF THE

## MASSACHUSETTS HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

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SEPTEMBER MEETING, 1881.

THE stated monthly meeting of the Society was held on Thursday, the 8th instant, at 3 o'clock P.M., in the Dowse Library; the President, the Hon. ROBERT C. WINTHROP, in the chair.

The Recording Secretary read the record of the previous meeting, and it was approved.

The Librarian reported the list of donors to the Library since the meeting in June.

The PRESIDENT then said : —

The three months which have intervened, Gentlemen, since we adjourned, on the 9th of June, for our midsummer vacation, have been notable in many ways, and in some ways most sadly and deplorably notable. The murderous assault made upon the President of the United States on the 2d of July last, with all its terrible suffering for him, and with all its anxieties and deep sorrow for the people, — I might say of the world, — has cast a gloom over the whole period, almost like a prolonged eclipse. There is no one of us, I am sure, or of this whole community, who has not felt the keenest commiseration for him and his family, and who has not sincerely prayed for his early relief and his entire restoration to health and usefulness. And, as this is our first meeting since the event occurred, and, more especially, as some hours of this very day have been set apart, by a proclamation from the Governors of our own and other States, for solemn Prayer for the President's recovery, the Council have agreed with me that it is fit for us to give some expression of our abhorrence of the act, of our sympathy with the illustrious sufferer, and of our

admiration of the patience and fortitude with which the long agony has been borne.

I am, accordingly, authorized to present the following Resolutions, as the first business of this meeting : —

*Resolved*, That the Massachusetts Historical Society, in meeting for the first time since the great crime of the 2d of July was committed at Washington, are unwilling that their records should be without some allusion to the atrocity and wickedness of an assault, which has so deeply afflicted our country, and which has left so foul a blot on the pages of American history.

*Resolved*, That we offer to President Garfield the assurance of our unfeigned grief, as a Society and as individuals, for the protracted and painful sufferings which he has been doomed to endure at the hands of an assassin, and which he has borne with a resignation and a bravery which have commanded respect and admiration at home and abroad.

*Resolved*, That these Resolutions be respectfully communicated to Mrs. Garfield, with an expression of our heartfelt sympathy with herself and the President, and of our earnest hopes and prayers that he may still be spared to his family and his country.

These Resolutions were unanimously adopted, and the President was requested to inform Mrs. Garfield of the Society's action.

The PRESIDENT then continued as follows : —

I turn now from our great national sorrow to events which have affected us more particularly as a Society. Six deaths have occurred since we last met, which call for a longer or shorter notice. We have lost three of our Resident Members, and three of our Foreign Honorary or Corresponding Members.

Mr. Charles Wesley Tuttle, who was born in Maine, Nov. 1, 1829, died, most unexpectedly to us all, on the 18th of July last, at his residence in this city. There are others of our number, who knew him more intimately than I did, who will bear testimony to his character and accomplishments. But I cannot forbear from expressing briefly my own sense of his devotion to the work in which we are engaged. I knew him first while I was — as, I believe, I still am — one of the Visiting Committee of the Astronomical Observatory at Cambridge. He was there as one of the corps of ob-

servers, and distinguished himself by the discovery of a telescopic comet, in 1853, which I believe bears his name. In the following year he was attached to the United States expedition for determining the difference of longitude between Cambridge in New England and Greenwich in Old England. In this relation he made several contributions to the "Astronomical Journal" and to the "Annals of the Harvard Observatory."

Finding, however, that he had taxed his eyes too severely, he was compelled to abandon his scientific pursuits, and, after a year or more at the Dane Law School, he was admitted to the Suffolk Bar in 1856, and entered at once on the successful practice of his profession. He soon began to evince an eager interest in New England history, and contributed many historical articles to the Register of the New England Historic Genealogical Society, of which he was long an active member.

Our own Proceedings bear abundant evidence of the earnestness with which he entered into our labors, after he became a member of this Society in 1873. He was rarely absent from our monthly meetings, and was a frequent contributor of interesting and valuable matter to our volumes. At the time of his death, he was engaged in preparing a Memoir of his friend, the late Hon. Caleb Cushing, and other biographical works, which it may be hoped will not be lost. He was a man of great intelligence and energy, valued by us all as an associate and friend, and his death, at only fifty-one years of age, is a serious loss to the working corps of our Society.

The Hon. Seth Ames, a son of the great orator and statesman, Fisher Ames, died at Longwood, Brookline, on the 15th of August last. A graduate of Harvard in 1825, he at once devoted himself to the law; practised largely at the Middlesex Bar; was at one time City Solicitor of Lowell; then one of the first Judges, and afterward Chief Justice, of the Superior Court; and, in 1869, one of the Judges of the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts. This last office he resigned on account of infirmities, in January last, having held it for twelve years. He was a laborious and upright judge, in whom every one had confidence. The Life and Writings of his eminent father were prepared and published by him, in 1854, in two volumes. He was chosen a Resident Member of this Society in 1864; but his official duties did not allow of any frequent attendance at our meet-

ings. It will be for some one of our number associated with him in College, or in his legal and judicial career, to do justice, now or hereafter, to a character respected by us all.

Born in 1805, he died in his seventy-sixth year.

Dr. Samuel F. Haven, the faithful and devoted librarian of the American Antiquarian Society, died at Worcester, at seventy-five years of age, on the 5th instant. He has been one of our Resident Members for more than twenty years; and his presence at our meetings, whenever he was able to attend them, has been peculiarly welcome. He has brought an atmosphere of antiquarianism and research always with him, and has often done valuable work in connection with early Massachusetts history. I will not attempt to add to the just tributes which have been already paid to him by the Antiquarian Society at Worcester, but will confine myself to this brief statement of his death, with an expression of the sincere esteem and respect which we all entertained for him.

By a striking coincidence, an Ocean Telegram announced to us, this very morning, the death of John Winter Jones, F.S.A., known to many of us personally, and to the literary world in general, as formerly for many years the keeper of the British Museum, and who succeeded the celebrated Panizzi as the librarian of that noble institution in 1866. Born early in this century, he was obliged to retire from all active duties several years ago; but he had made his mark as an able and accomplished librarian, and as the editor of several rare works republished by the Hakluyt Society, as well as by numerous original contributions to biographical and historical literature. He had many qualities and characteristics in common with our friend Dr. Haven, and their lives and labors were devoted to the same objects. Dr. Jones was elected a Corresponding Member of this Society in 1867.

From our foreign honorary roll we have lost John Hill Burton, D.C.L., a Scotch advocate and historian of high distinction. He was the author of a work on "Political and Social Economy," of an "Introduction to the Works of Jeremy Bentham," of "Narrations from Criminal Trials in Scotland," of the "Life and Correspondence of David Hume," and of some lighter volumes and essays. But his reputation will mainly rest on his elaborate "History of Scotland, from Agricola's Invasion to the Extinction of the last Jacobite

Insurrection," in eight volumes, which has been called the best account of Scotland ever written, and one of the completest histories of any country. On the publication of this work he was appointed by the Queen "Historiographer Royal for Scotland." He has lately published a "History of the Reign of Queen Anne," in three volumes, which is also highly spoken of.

He was born at Aberdeen, Aug. 22, 1809, and died at seventy-two years of age. His name had been but recently placed on our roll.

The most distinguished name, which, alas! is henceforth to be lost to our living honorary roll, is that of Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, who died at the deanery of Westminster, on the 19th of July last. Few names have occupied a larger space than his for a quarter of a century past in the world of letters or of religion. Few names, I think, will be associated in the future, as well as in the hearts of thousands of those now living, with more of that which is honest, pure, lovely, and of good report. Of his career as a minister of the Church of England, this is hardly the place to speak; and, if it were, I am hardly the person to speak. We all know that he was not so wedded to forms or creeds or dogmas as many of the stricter churchmen of his own country or of ours. Meantime he held to them all with more tenacity than was altogether agreeable to the views of other Christian communions of both countries. And thus he was the subject through life, and his name has been the subject since his death, on both sides of the Atlantic and on all sides of sectarian theology, of occasional disparagement and invidious remark. No name will suffer from such strictures in the long run.

For myself, as an American churchman, in the broadest sense of that term, and as one who had enjoyed some measure of his friendship for many years, and who reveres his memory, I am content that his religious character should rest, where it may rest so safely in all time to come, on the words uttered in the upper house of Convocation, on the day of his death, by the excellent primate of all England. "It is but right," said the Archbishop of Canterbury, "that I should notice that in my estimation there has been a great loss to this, our national Church. The Church of England has comprehended within its members, ever since the Reformation, persons of great variety of opinion, and the school of thought with which the Dean of Westminster was most asso-

ciated has, in my estimation, had a most important part to play in the history of our national Church. There are, in a great community like ours, a vast number of persons who are not members of our own or of any other church, and there are persons whose temptations are altogether in the direction of scepticism; and my own impression is that the works of the late Dean of Westminster have confirmed in the Christian faith a vast number of such persons. . . . I cannot," he adds, "fail to express my conviction, that the historical element which pervades his writings has had a great effect in giving life to the belief of many who look on the whole history of the Bible with a somewhat sceptical eye, and who, if they had not had such guidance, would have been apt to wander altogether from the belief of the Divine lessons which the sacred volume contains."

No one need add any thing to such an expression from such a source, and no one can take away any thing from its authority or its force.

In turning over recently a little collection of the miscellaneous pamphlets which the good Dean has sent me from time to time, I found that the very first, in the order in which I had caused them to be arranged and bound, was his sermon on "Christian Fraternity," delivered in Westminster Abbey on the 30th of November, 1874. I like to associate his name with that phrase. He was peculiarly an apostle of Christian fraternity, — of that brotherly love which has so happily supplanted the *odium theologicum* of former times. And in that relation his name will grow brighter and brighter as the Christian day advances.

As a churchman at once liberal and loyal, no narrowness or bigotry has ever blinded him to what was best in other Christian denominations. He has delighted to pay brilliant tributes to Richard Baxter, John Bunyan, and the Wesleys, and to visit the tombs of Jonathan Edwards and William Ellery Channing. Meantime the chivalry with which "he threw the shield of his high rank and stainless reputation," as Canon Farrar so well said, over any who were oppressed or persecuted for opinion's sake, even at the risk of being held responsible for views from which he entirely dissented, furnishes an element of his character and a clew to his sometimes perplexing course, that will always redound to his honor.

But it is in his relations to biography and history that he is to be remembered by this Society. His charming Life of his noble old master at Rugby, Dr. Thomas Arnold, and,

more recently, of his own father and mother; his delightful volumes on the Eastern Church and the Jewish Church and the Scotch Church; his vivid sketches of Sinai and Palestine; his memorials of Canterbury Cathedral, and of the glorious Abbey of which he was so long the guardian genius,—I had almost said the guardian angel,—all these works have at once earned for their author the admiration and gratitude of all English-speaking people, and have entitled him to be counted among the most valuable contributors not only to the history of religion and the illustration of the Bible, but to English history,—so long our own history.

And if to all these productions be added the unceasing stream of thought, discussion, commentary, criticism, essay of every sort, which flowed from his pen into the pages of so many magazines and reviews, or flowed from his lips in the pulpit, almost to the last hour of his life,—it would be difficult, I think, to name the man, on either side of the Atlantic, who has contributed more than Dean Stanley has done to the wholesomest public opinion of his period.

How can I fail to allude, before concluding this imperfect notice, to the regard which he so uniformly exhibited for our own land; ever seeking and ever finding opportunities of personal kindness to Americans in England, and doing more than the most skilful diplomacy could do in strengthening the ties of friendship and good-will between the two nations? In the latest audible words which fell from his dying lips he is reported to have said: “I have labored amidst many frailties and much weakness to make this institution [Westminster Abbey] more and more the great centre of religious and national life in a truly liberal spirit.” But, in the administration of that grand Abbey, the national life of England was not alone considered. When it was opened by him, with the authority of the Queen, for the repose of the remains of George Peabody until their removal to Danvers, and again for the funeral of Bishop McIlvaine of Ohio, and when his pulpit was repeatedly occupied at his special request on a Fourth of July, and on other days, by more than one of our American clergymen, it was seen that his liberal spirit had no local or territorial limitations. He delighted to the very last, as I have abundant reason to remember, in welcoming Americans to the Abbey, and in pointing out whatever would be most interesting to them, opening to them the far-famed Jerusalem Chamber, and receiving them gladly under his own roof.

Nor can any of us forget the eager interest he manifested,



during his recent tour in this country, in visiting Plymouth Rock, in attending the 250th anniversary of Salem, and in coming more than once to these historical rooms. The postscript to the last letter which I received from him, dated April 16, took pains to say: "Mr. Lowell is very popular, and presides this year at the Literary Fund." In that letter, however, he gave some indication of failing health, when he said: "I have stood the hard winter very well. Now that the iron hand of frost, snow, and east wind is withdrawn, I am a little relaxed." His tour in America had served to dispel, in some degree, the depression produced by the death of his devoted and charming wife. It happened that I was with him in Paris when she was first taken seriously ill. I recall a most interesting visit which I made with him to the famous Conciergerie, as a diversion from his cares, where we were admitted to the apartments from which Marie Antoinette was led out to execution, and where Robespierre was at last imprisoned before his own execution. I recall the proof he incidentally gave me of his marvellous memory and readiness, when, chancing to allude to the celebrated *Memoirs of St. Simon*, he seized a pen on my table and dashed off, in a hand more than usually legible for him, three or four pages of detailed references to passages in that extraordinary work of at least twenty volumes, which were especially worth reading. But the anxieties and agonies of the protracted and lingering illness of Lady Augusta, in Paris and in London, with its fatal issue, prepared the way for his own too early departure.

He was only in his sixty-sixth year when he died, having been born in 1815. He was the son of the late Bishop of Norwich, who was of the family of the Lords Stanley of Alderley, who descended from a common ancestor with the more famous Stanleys, Earls of Derby. His wife was a sister of the late Earl of Elgin, who was well known on this side of the Atlantic as governor-general of Canada, and of Sir Frederick Bruce, the British minister, who died suddenly in Boston in 1867.

The Dean had been an Honorary Member of this Society for thirteen years.

It is not the custom of our Society, as you know, Gentlemen, to pass Resolutions in regard to the deaths of Honorary Members, and I offer, therefore, with the authority of the Council, Resolutions only for the usual notice of those who have been immediately associated with us: —

*Resolved*, That we have heard with deep regret the announcement of the death of our valued associate and earnest fellow-worker, Charles W. Tuttle, Esq., and that the President appoint one of our number to prepare a Memoir of him for our Proceedings.

*Resolved*, That we entertain the highest respect for the memory of the Hon. Seth Ames, for many years one of the Justices of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, and that the President appoint one of our number to prepare the customary Memoir.

*Resolved*, That, in the death of Dr. Samuel F. Haven, the cause of antiquarian and historical inquiry and research has lost one of its most devoted and effective laborers through a long life, and that a Memoir of him for our Proceedings be prepared by one of our number, to be appointed by the President.

The Rev. PHILLIPS BROOKS spoke as follows : —

I should certainly not undertake, sir, to add any thing to what you have so justly said about Dean Stanley, were it not that I should like to suggest one point of association between him and the pathetic services in which many of us have been engaged to-day. Immediately after the murderous assault upon President Garfield, prayers were offered for his recovery in Westminster Abbey, and they have continued to be offered there from that time until now. This was by the direction of the Dean. It may be that the same prayers have been offered in many churches in England during these anxious weeks, but, if it is so, there is none in which they have been the utterance of a more genuine respect and love for this country than in the venerable Abbey. For Dean Stanley's affection for this country has been very long and deep. Years before he came among us, those of us who went to him found him full of the most intelligent curiosity about the United States, and of the profoundest sense of the importance of our national life. It was part of the working of that historic spirit which never failed. Even more interesting than the application of the historic sense of the Dean to the problems of the past was the way in which it dealt with the present. As it gave to the past vitality and reality, so it gave to the present dignity and meaning. Every event that occurred, every man who lived, every book that was written,

every discovery that was made, was to him part of that great drama on which the curtain never falls, and where each humblest actor's part has its significance. This was what gave him such wide interest in men for whose pursuits he cared but little. The notable company which always filled the deanery comprised artists to whose art he was largely indifferent, and musicians for whose music he did not care, and scientific men whose special studies he had never followed. But it was the men themselves that he valued. In each of them, however foreign their pursuits were to him, however little he sympathized with their opinions, he recognized an actor in the same great drama, a fellow-worker with himself in the wide work of life. Thus it was that his historic sense lay at the bottom of his catholicity. It lay at the root of every thing he thought and did. For everywhere he was the historian, and if there is one place above all others where he ought to be commemorated, it is in an Historical Society.

As a student of Christian theology I cannot help expressing my sense of the value of Dean Stanley's historical labors to the church and the religion which he loved. He made the Christian Church live in men's minds by showing it to be the flower of human life and identifying its progress with the great growth of humanity. He untwined with delicate and reverent finger the accidental from the essential in Christian faith, and made us see with wonderful clearness the true simplicity and spirituality of Christianity. This he has done most powerfully in his last book, which is perhaps the most characteristic of his writings, the *Treatise upon Christian Institutions*. He showed us that much which we thought was old was really new, and so he filled our thought of the church with freedom and hope. He showed us that much which we thought was new was really old, and so he scattered many a panic which was gathering in the church. His conception of the Church of Christ, represented in his own immediate surroundings by the Church of England, was not merely lofty and inspiring: it was a conception which no man could have reached save by the power of the historic sense, which ruled in him and which made him everywhere the man he was.

Surely it is good to remember that our Society bore upon its rolls the name of one who, if not the most profound or the most philosophical, was the most human, the most sympathetic, the most interesting of the historical students of our day. And it is good to know that he himself cordially valued his association with us.

Mr. WINSLOW WARREN said:—

Mr. President,—I labor under the same difficulty that many of us experience, in attempting to add any thing to your own admirable remarks, but my friendship for our deceased associate, Charles W. Tuttle, leads me to a few simple words of recognition and respect. It is a great regret to me that our friendship had not commenced at an earlier period, that I could have done more ample justice to his early fame as an astronomer and scientific man; but of that portion of his life, so full of promise, and of performance also, I have little knowledge other than as gathered from the regrets of his many friends and co-workers, that he should have been compelled to forsake a career that opened so brilliantly, to tread the more prosaic paths of the law.

Mr. Tuttle was admitted to the bar of Suffolk County in 1856, and upon my own admission, a very few years later, I became acquainted with him through a similar practice in the courts. The intimacy thus formed continued without interruption to the time of his most unexpected decease, and gave me full opportunity to see and appreciate the strength and purity of his character. Very early in my interviews with him at his office or elsewhere, I became impressed with his earnest devotion to the interests of his clients, and with the persistent energy in which he delved at the very foundations of principles of law involved in the cases with which he was connected. He gave to his clients the utmost of his abilities, and those of no mean order, and he left untried no honest method for success. Wherever the study of the law led, as it often does, along the paths of history, his ardor was so enkindled anew, and all the enthusiasm of his nature so fully aroused, that in his earliest practice one wondered whether the lawyer would absorb the astronomer, or the historian the lawyer.

He was a man of great simplicity of character, and with an unobtrusive modesty that gave charm to social intercourse, though in some degree perhaps obscuring marked abilities and proving a hindrance to professional success. His true field was that of the historian and scholar, rather than of the busy man of affairs. He possessed a remarkable fund of historical knowledge, more particularly of matters connected with the early settlement of Maine and New Hampshire, was critical and accurate, and indefatigable in investigation of nice and doubtful points.

For some years before his admission to this Society, in 1873, he had been a member of the New England Historic Genealogical Society, and of several State historical societies, and their records attest the value and constancy of his work. To this Society I feel that his loss is a very great one. Probably not many here present knew him well, but those that did know him appreciated the extent of his attainments, the power for work there was in him, and the promise of important historical contributions to our Collections. Of the younger members there are but few whose attendance has been more constant, whose interest more active, and whose contributions more valuable, and if in the full maturity of his powers he had been enabled to devote himself more completely to those historical researches so congenial to his tastes, his rank would have been among the highest of our laborers in the field of history.

At the time of his death he was engaged upon a life of Captain John Mason, and had made a very extensive collection of material. It is to be hoped that this may not be lost to the world, and that his work was so far advanced as to make its completion by others possible.

Our friend has been taken almost in the prime of his strength, but he has left a worthy example of an earnest, painstaking, laborious life, and furnished a rare instance of a man combining the astronomer, the lawyer, and the historian, and achieving a good degree of success in each profession.

The Resolutions were then adopted.

The second section having been called upon for communications, Mr. H. C. LODGE presented and read extracts from the familiar correspondence of the Hon. Elijah H. Mills, prefacing them with the following introduction:—

The writer of the following letters, Elijah Hunt Mills, sprang from a good Puritan family whose founder came from England about 1630, and settled near Boston. Thence he, or some of his descendants, removed to Connecticut, where they seem to have prospered. Several of the line in direct descent were clergymen, and the father of Mr. Mills, the Rev. Benjamin Mills, a graduate of Yale College, was the first minister of Chesterfield, where the writer of these letters was born, Dec. 3, 1776. Benjamin Mills and his wife both died young, and within six years of each other, while their son Elijah was a mere child. The orphan was adopted by his maternal uncle, Elijah Hunt, of Northampton, and there

the boy grew up and was educated, graduating afterward in due course at Williams College. After leaving college he studied law, was admitted to the bar, and married his cousin, Miss Sarah Hunt, who died within a year after her marriage. In 1804 he married, for his second wife, Miss Harriette Blake, youngest daughter of Joseph Blake, of Boston. Mr. Mills rose rapidly at the bar and soon became the leader in his county, and in the western part of the State, together with his partner, John H. Ashmun, who was subsequently Royall Professor at the Harvard Law School. Mr. Mills was an able and successful lawyer and advocate. The late Professor Washburn, of Cambridge, who was a student in the office of Mills & Ashmun, said of him: "The brief (prepared usually by Mr. Ashmun) was submitted to Mr. Mills, who appeared to apprehend it instinctively, and, with a slight conversation, went forth equipped for the contest. He was in person of full size, well formed, erect and graceful in his carriage, with an eye which, when lighted up with excitement, was as powerful as the eye of the Caliph Vathek upon the heart of a dishonest witness. He was connected with Judge Howe in the management of the law school at Northampton, but his health was then in a decline, and he gradually withdrew from the school, and at last from the duties of the law office. When I first saw him he appeared to my boyish imagination a most wonderful lawyer. At the courts in Hampshire he was the adversary of Hon. Lewis Strong and Hon. Isaac C. Bates. The contests between them used to call together large audiences. The people seemed delighted to witness the intellectual struggles of these eminent advocates."

While Mr. Mills was winning his way to eminence at the bar, he also took an active part in politics, and was elected to the Senate of Massachusetts in 1811, as a Federalist. In 1815 he was chosen to represent his district in Congress, where he served two terms. On his withdrawal he was elected to the Massachusetts House of Representatives, of which he was chosen Speaker, May 31, 1820, receiving on the first ballot one hundred and forty-three out of one hundred and fifty-one votes. A few weeks later he was chosen to the Senate of the United States for the short term caused by the resignation of the Hon. Prentiss Mellen, and at the same time for the full term which began in the following year. Mr. Mills was elected senator by a party vote, receiving twenty-eight votes in the Senate and seventy-eight in the House, against seven and twenty-seven respectively, cast for the Democratic candidate, Mr. Crowninshield.

Mr. Mills's political career was hampered by constant ill health, which finally caused him to withdraw from public life at the end of his term in 1827, when he was succeeded in the Senate by Mr. Webster. After this his health rapidly failed, and he died at Northampton, May 5, 1829.

It is not easy to see why Mr. Mills remained in public life so long as he did, for he seems to have cared but little for official honors, and was utterly careless of his opportunities of advancement and seemingly devoid of ambition. He was always painstaking and conscientious, a good debater, although not indulging often in speaking, and his speeches show wide and sound information and solid, if not brilliant, abilities. The letters which follow were all written from Washington during his political life, and are, with one exception, addressed to his wife. I am indebted to Mrs. Peirce, widow of Professor Benjamin Peirce, and to Mrs. Davis, widow of Rear Admiral C. H. Davis, daughters of Mr. Mills, for the opportunity of publishing these extracts from the correspondence of their father.

"WASHINGTON, *Tuesday*, Dec. 12, 1815.

"I have just arrived in this great city, and although worn out with fatigue, and somewhat afflicted with a cold, I cannot go to bed without letting you know I am safely landed in my destined port. I wrote you from New York just before I left the city, since which I have not been out of the stage long enough to write so much as there is now on this paper. I left New York with Mr. Byers on Saturday afternoon, came in a steamboat as far as Elizabeth-Town (about eighteen miles), and on Sunday morning took the stage for Philadelphia, where we arrived about eight in the evening. Finding Mr. Byers too much of an invalid to travel with such rapidity, and falling in with a Mr. Kent, a member of Congress from the State of New York, I left Philadelphia with him at two o'clock on Monday morning, and arrived at Baltimore about twelve at night. This morning at seven we left Baltimore, and arrived here about four this afternoon. You will perceive, of course, that I allowed myself no time to view either Philadelphia or Baltimore as I could have wished. But I will not tire you with a minute account of my travels, nor a description of the places through which I passed. It is impossible for me to describe to you my feelings on entering this miserable desert, this scene of desolation and horror. I had heard much of it, my impressions in regard to its appearance were all unfavorable. But I had formed no adequate conceptions upon the subject. My anticipations were almost infinitely short of the reality, and I can truly say that the first appearance of this seat of the national government has produced in me nothing but absolute loathing and disgust. But I reserve for a future communication a description which may partake less of prejudice, and for which I may be better prepared. On my arrival, I drove to the most

respectable public house, where I found my friend Hulbert,\* and a number of respectable members. Mr. H. and myself have a very comfortable and convenient chamber by ourselves, with a fire, where we shall remain for a few days, until we can secure other lodgings. Many of the most distinguished members have not arrived, and very little business of any importance has been transacted. Present appearances indicate a peaceful and harmonious session."

"*Sunday Evening, Dec. 24, 1815.*

"If I had known the course of business here, I should not have left home so soon. Nothing of public importance has yet been done in Congress, and will not be for several days to come. The session will then become interesting and busy, though I think appearances indicate a quiet and peaceable winter. I agree with you in your remarks on the President's message, and should his friends adopt the measures therein recommended, I am sure they will have all the aid which most of the Federalists can give them. There are very few among us who feel so much party animosity as to oppose a good measure merely because it is recommended by a man who has heretofore adopted only bad measures."

"*Saturday, Dec. 30, 1815.*

"It has not been for the want of inclination that I have not written you for the last three or four days, for although there has been very little business in Congress to occupy my attention, yet I have been constantly engaged in attending to some private business for my *constituents* and friends, who think they have a right to call on me for that purpose. I have to-day, for the first time, paid my respects to the President.† I went in company with Mr. Hulbert, who had visited him last winter. I was agreeably disappointed in his appearance and manners, — not that I thought there could be nothing pleasant or agreeable about a man of his political principles, but you know we generally form an opinion of the deportment and address of a great man from what little we may have heard respecting him, and that opinion is very often erroneous. We found him alone, and he was not only very gentlemanly and polite, but exceedingly affable and pleasant. He is a small man (*about my height*, but not so *portly* as I am), with a mixture of ease and dignity in his manners and conversation, — altogether very pleasant. He has much more the appearance of what I have imagined a Roman Catholic Cardinal to be, than the civil and military head of a *great and enlightened* nation, as you know this is. I have not yet made my appearance in the drawing-room, and think it doubtful whether I shall during the winter. If I do, I shall endeavor to give you some imperfect description of its manners and beauties."

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\* John W. Hulbert, Representative in Congress from Massachusetts from 1814 to 1817. — L.

† Mr. Madison. — L.



"Sunday, Jan. 7, 1816.

"On New Year's Day the whole city and most of the members of Congress went to the President's levee to pay him the felicitations of the season, and gaze unmeaningly at each other. But as no one felt inclined to go from our house, I remained at home. Mr. Hanson\* has just arrived with his wife and Miss Pickering of Salem, and has taken a house within a few doors of ours, and I promise myself some visiting there in a free and friendly manner. He is a charming man, open, frank, honest, and intelligent, and destitute of that mean and selfish jealousy of others which is too apparent in some of our great men here. Randolph† has not yet arrived, but is expected every hour. He is to be one of our mess, but I confess I have my doubts whether his manners and deportment will be such as to make him a very interesting companion. You inquire about our speakers in Congress. We have had but one or two subjects before us which have excited much interest, or called forth the talents of the house. Some of the new members have, I think wisely, embraced the opportunity which the minor topics have presented, to make their *maiden* speeches. But this course has appeared to me so much like talking merely to make a speech, that I have hitherto avoided *coming out*. There is now a subject of somewhat greater interest before us, and had I not devoted myself this evening to the more pleasant task of writing to you, my dear wife, I should have set myself about preparing for my *début*. But opportunities enough will present when I cannot avoid it, and I believe I shall make no attempt until I am obliged to. The weather during the first ten days or fortnight after my arrival was delightfully pleasant and mild, but for the last week it has been more severe, and the ground is covered with snow three or four inches deep. We do not walk to the Capitol, our landlord sends us in a carriage, — that being a part of his contract, — so that we are less exposed in bad weather than those who live nearer to the place of meeting."

"Thursday, Jan. 11, 1816.

"Since I last wrote you, three important incidents have befallen me. I have made a speech, drunk tea at Mrs. Barlow's,‡ and been to the drawing-room. Of these in their order. My speech was altogether accidental, and from the spur of the moment. It was, however, well received by the House; and though I was not satisfied with myself, it seemed not to disappoint the expectation of my friends. It was not a set speech, but a few incidental remarks. The sketch contained in the paper which I enclose you is a very, very imperfect one. But the

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\* Alexander Contee Hanson, Representative in Congress from 1813 to 1816, and Senator from Maryland from 1816 to his death in 1819. At the outbreak of the war of 1812, as he was an ardent Federalist, his newspaper office in Baltimore was mobbed, and he was himself desperately wounded and some of his friends killed. — L.

† John Randolph, of Roanoke. — L.

‡ Mrs. Joel Barlow, who lived at Kalorama, which still retains much of its beauty. — L.

editor of the 'National Intelligencer' (a Democratic paper) says he shall do me better justice. I beg, therefore, you will pronounce no judgment at present. The subject was not a party one, but a mere question of constitutional right. Upon the same subject we have the speeches of all the first men in the House, — from Gaston, Hopkinson, Pinkney, Hanson, and Calhoun on the same side with myself, and from Forsyth, Cuthbert, Randolph, King,\* &c., in opposition to us. I intended to give you a particular account of the speeches of Pinkney and Randolph, who were the respective champions; but Mr. Hanson has just come into my room, and I am obliged to wind up as soon as possible. He insists on my finishing; I will therefore write you more particularly at another time about them. I must also postpone the account I meant to give of the mixed and motley crew I met at the drawing-room. I met with Mr. Jere. Mason,† and found there as full a crowd as ever was in a bar-room. But I must stop, or be very uncivil."

"Saturday Evening, Jan. 13, 1816.

"You may wish to be informed how my time is occupied. I will inform you, for the history of one day will answer, without the slightest variation, for every other. We are called to breakfast about nine or half after nine in the morning; as soon as that is through, we prepare for the House. At about ten or half after we start, and arrive at the Hall in season for business, which commences at eleven. Here we are occupied till half-past three or four o'clock; we then ride home, and sit down to dinner generally a little before sunset, and finish, of course, after candle-light. Our dinners, however, though *profuse*, are temperate, and we do not indulge even in a glass of wine more than every other day. About eight we have a cup of tea sent round; and thus the fore part of the evening is destroyed. I then retire to my chamber with the letters and papers I may have received from abroad, and have generally more than I can do to return the regular answers. Sometimes we have an evening call from some members of Congress, but this happens so seldom, it is an exception to the general rule; and as to going out, it is entirely out of the question with me. You remark that I 'say nothing of the females I meet.' The simple and plain reason is I have met none, except in the instances I am about to mention, — excepting those who occasionally appear in the gallery to hear the debates, and those, of course, I can only see at a distance, without knowing who they are. Having repeatedly received letters from William Sullivan,‡ enclosing others to Mrs. Sargent, I thought I could not avoid calling on her, which I did a few mornings before I understood she was to leave town. I found her and her mother — a Mrs.

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\* William Gaston, of North Carolina; Joseph Hopkinson, of Pennsylvania; William Pinkney and Alexander Hanson, of Maryland; John C. Calhoun, of South Carolina; John Forsyth and Alfred Cuthbert, of Georgia; John Randolph, of Virginia; and Cyrus King, of Massachusetts. — L.

† At this time Senator from New Hampshire. — L.

‡ Son of Governor James Sullivan, of Massachusetts. — L.

Baldwin, and a daughter of Alexander Wolcott — at Mrs. Barlow's. Mrs. Barlow is herself a very ladylike and well-bred woman, of about fifty-five or sixty years old, with an extensive knowledge of the world and acquaintance with society. Mrs. Baldwin, I believe, is a niece of hers, who resides in the family. A few days after this call I received a very polite invitation to take tea with them, entirely in a family way, which I did, and found there none but their family, excepting Colonel Bomford, a very gentlemanly, and, what is more extraordinary, unassuming and modest, officer in the army, who is also a connection of the family. In the evening we had music on the piano from Mrs. Sargent and Mrs. Baldwin alternately, accompanied by Miss Wolcott's voice and the colonel, who plays delightfully on the violin. On the whole, I passed a pleasant evening; the more so as Mrs. Sargent took frequent occasions of speaking of your voice and manner of singing as the finest she ever heard. Finding they were all going to the drawing-room the next evening, I thought it would be a better opportunity for me than to go among total and entire strangers, without a single acquaintance to recognize or keep me in countenance. I went with Mr. Mason, the Senator from New Hampshire, who presented me to Mrs. Madison. The crowd was so great, however, before we arrived, that I could barely approach so as to make my bow, and then mingled with the throng. Two large rooms were full to overflowing, so that a very small proportion even of the ladies could sit down, and one could not move about without literally forcing others out of the way. Coffee and wine and punch were handed about, and whips to the ladies; and after being crowded and jammed here for about an hour, Mr. Mason and myself took our departure. Of the company there I cannot say much. Mrs. Madison seemed affable and courteous to all, and seemed to distribute her attentions and smiles with an equal and impartial hand. She is very tall and corpulent, nearly as much so as Mrs. Dwight. Her manners are easy rather than graceful, and pleasant rather than refined. Here were to be found all classes and conditions of society, from the minister plenipotentiary of the Emperor of Russia to the under-clerks of the post-office and the *printer* of a paper. Ambassadors and consuls, members of Congress and officers of the army and navy, greasy boots and silk stockings, Virginia buckskins and Yankee cowhides, all mingled in ill-assorted and fantastic groups. The ladies had a more uniform appearance. They were all *well dressed*, though many of them had very much the manners and appearance of 'high life below stairs;' and I can truly say no one would have been exposed to any danger from the grace of their manners or the charms of their beauty. I spoke to none, excepting only the party with Mrs. Barlow. This, my dear Harriette, is the history of my *migrations*; and I assure you I did not derive from the drawing-room sufficient pleasure to induce me to repeat the visit very soon."

"WASHINGTON, Saturday, Jan. 19, 1816.

"Our business in Congress becomes more interesting, and occupies much more of our time and attention than when I first arrived. I see

nobody except those I meet at Congress Hall or in our own mess. Mr. Randolph is not at our house, as I expected; but we see a good deal of him, both here and in Congress. He speaks upon every occasion, and abuses almost everybody. He is really a most singular and interesting man, — regardless entirely of form and ceremony in some things, and punctilious to an extreme in others. He yesterday dined with us. He was dressed in a rough, coarse, short hunting-coat, with small-clothes and boots, and over his boots a pair of coarse coating *leggens*, tied with strings round his legs. He engrossed almost the whole conversation, and was exceedingly amusing, as well as eloquent and instructive. I think his talents as an orator and a statesman have been much overrated by his admirers, and that he will not meet with so much celebrity in future as he once did.”

“ *Wednesday, Jan. 24, 1816.*

“There is much perturbation among the Democrats about the next President, and we entertain stronger hopes than we have heretofore that we shall, at least, be able to prevent their taking Mr. Monroe.”

“ *BRUNSWICK, NEW JERSEY, Friday, March 8, 1816.*

“I am thus far on my way home, and have been obliged to stop here, on account of the extreme badness of the road, until to-morrow, when I hope to get a passage to New York in the steamboat from this place. I left Washington on Monday, as I told you I should, and have been very busily employed for five days to get so far on my way. Mr. Rice\* of Augusta is with me, which makes the journey less irksome than it would be if I were alone. From Washington to Baltimore we went in the first day. There we took passage in a packet for French-Town in the Chesapeake Bay, and were delayed by a dead calm, so that we were twenty-four hours performing a passage usually completed in six. On Wednesday we left our packet and went overland to Newcastle. There we again took a packet, and arrived in Philadelphia late in the evening. On Thursday we remained in that city, the stage being too full to receive us that day. We spent the day, of course, in running about and examining the beauties and the curiosities of this interesting and extensive city. I had letters of introduction to some gentlemen there, given me by Mr. Sergeant,† a member of Congress from that city; but as Mr. Rice was with me, who had been there before, and as I felt more anxious to see the *place* than the *people*, I did not avail myself of his civility by delivering the letters. Mr. Rice and myself went to the museum, the theatre, the hospital, almshouse, and all the places worth seeing; and I assure you we enjoyed, at least, the contrast between the dreary and miserable city we had left, destitute of every thing which can render it

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\* Thomas Rice, Representative from Massachusetts, 1815–1819. — L.

† John Sergeant, Representative in Congress from Pennsylvania, 1815–1823, 1827–1829, 1837–1842, leader in debate on Missouri Compromise, and Whig candidate for Vice-President in 1832. — L.

interesting, and this residence of every thing which can adorn and embellish society. This morning we left it at two o'clock, and ought to have arrived in New York this evening. But the excessive badness of the roads has arrested our progress at a distance of about forty miles from it. I shall make no stay in New York, but shall press my journey with all the rapidity in my power, and shall be with you, my dear Harriette, I hope, by the Friday stage."\*

"Wednesday, Dec. 25, 1816.

"In my last I promised to give you some account of the party at Monsieur de Neuville's,† the French Minister; but in truth it was so much like the great and splendid parties you have seen in Boston that it could afford you very little entertainment. The house was filled to overflowing with foreign ministers and their train, members of Congress, strangers of all descriptions, and the fashionables of the metropolis and vicinity. Cotillon parties in one room, cards in another, those who neither played nor danced in a third, and a supper-table in the fourth. Indeed there was all the crowd, bustle, confusion, and inconvenience which render such parties so *exceedingly pleasant* to the gay world. Mr. Madison (a thing very unusual) was there. The dress of some of the ladies was splendid and elegant, particularly that of Mrs. Bagot, the wife of the British Minister, who is niece of the Duke of Wellington, and a very handsome as well as pleasing woman. Madame de Neuville is a plain, unaffected, pleasant Frenchwoman, whose gayety is chastened by misfortunes and poverty during the Revolution; and she seems, as well as her husband, to have very little of the frivolity of manners for which *some French men* as well as women are peculiar.

"For a few days to come, very little business will probably be attended to, as the Christmas holidays are here generally devoted to amusement. I was strongly urged by my friend Goldsborough‡ to accompany him to Alexandria; but having engaged to dine to-day with Mr. Webster§ and Mason, who have their wives with them, I very readily excused myself. To-morrow all the gentlemen of our mess have engaged to dine with the President. Among the great and important objects to which our attention is called, a project is lately started for settling, with the free blacks which abound in the South and West, a colony, either on the coast of Africa, or in some remote region of our own country. It has excited great interest, and I am inclined to think that in the course of a few years it will be carried into effect. I enclose you an address which is in circulation here upon the subject. Agents are attending from different parts of the

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\* This letter gives a good idea of the difficulties of travelling little more than half a century ago. — L.

† Hyde de Neuville, for many years Minister of France at Washington. — L.

‡ Charles W. Goldsborough, sometime Governor of Maryland, and member of Congress from that State from 1805 to 1817. — L.

§ Daniel Webster, at this time member of Congress from New Hampshire. — L.

United States, soliciting Congress to take the subject up immediately, and I was this morning called upon by a Mr. Mills (a young clergyman who was at New Orleans with Smith), who is very zealously engaged in the work. He is an intelligent young man, and appears completely devoted to the great work of diffusing the blessings of Christianity to those who are now ignorant of it."

" *Wednesday, Feb. 5, 1817.*

"As the session draws to a close, our business becomes more and more pressing, and our time is more constantly occupied. You have heard so much about the inconsiderable speech I made upon the Compensation Bill that I shall really be ashamed to send it to you. It has not yet been published at length; for, as I did not speak until the debate had continued nearly a week, the speeches of all who preceded me must first be given. Whether therefore you will be presented with a fair specimen of what I said or not, I cannot say. But I know from the unpremeditated manner in which I addressed the House that the report of the remarks, made by an indifferent stenographer, will not and cannot possess the only quality which my remarks had to recommend them; to wit, that of being an off-hand answer, resulting from impulse, to a speech of Mr. Williams of North Carolina made the same morning.

"Our life is the most shabby and miserable in the world for comfort or health. We breakfast at about ten, then are detained at the House till nearly sundown, and our dinner is always protracted into candle-light, and of course during the fore part of the evening we are kept in the dining-room. I hope, however, this mode of living, so irregular and uncomfortable, will have no bad effect upon my habits. I have too melancholy an instance every day presented by a man of good talents and excellent heart who within three months has fallen into habits of intemperance which are rapidly leading him to ruin. Mr. Webster has just returned from Boston, where he has been to perform the melancholy duty of attending the funeral of a deceased child. He is at present in my room, and will probably remain with us through the session. He is a man of excellent mind and fine talents, and I shall be much gratified by this arrangement.

"Excuse this incoherent trash. It has been thrown together, with Webster at my table, and with the pressure of 'The mail will close' a half a dozen times repeated by him while writing it."

" *Wednesday Evening, Feb. 12, 1817.*

"Notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, it being now past eleven, and notwithstanding the gay society I have just left, having this moment returned from Mrs. Madison's drawing-room, I cannot permit myself to lay my head upon my pillow without telling you how much I love you, and how infinitely I should prefer a rational evening with you to all the noise, and all the ceremony, and all the slander, and all the intrigue, political and moral, of a presidential

levee. This is only the second time I have been to the levee, and I should not have gone to-night, if it had not been for the circumstance of our having gone through the idle ceremony of counting the presidential votes to-day, and proclaiming Mr. Monroe as president-elect for the ensuing four years. Most of the gentlemen of our mess attended, and it was much the most gay and pleasant evening I have seen there. The crowd was very great, and there were more decent and well-behaved, as well as well-dressed, people there than usual. Two weeks more, and poor Mrs. Madison's drawing-room (as a place of public resort) will be forever deserted. Her sun is just descending below the horizon, and another rising in an opposite quarter of the heavens, around which all the secondary planets and satellites are to revolve in more or less eccentric orbits. *Her* retirement is, however, with the inhabitants of this place, and her acquaintance in general, viewed with emotions of regret and sorrow; and, from all I can hear of her character, I believe they have good reason for these emotions. Indeed, I think her charitable, benevolent, and affable; and it is said her liberality to the indigent and unfortunate is unprecedented in this part of the country. In the midst of the crowd to-night, I found myself thrown into a coterie of ladies, none of whom I knew, who were lamenting, and as I thought sincerely, her approaching retirement; and recounting to each other instances that had come within their own knowledge of her kindness and munificence. From her successor, I believe, neither the fashionable world nor the suffering poor have much to expect. But enough of this."

"Friday, Feb. 28, 1817.

"I am writing this in the midst of the noise and eloquence and logic and wit which so much distinguish our debates, and, of course, have neither silence nor privacy to aid me. Our business is exceedingly pressing, and our time wholly occupied in the House. With the gayety and amusements of the city I have very little to do. I attended, on Wednesday evening, the farewell levee of Mrs. Madison. Her rooms were exceedingly crowded, and with *better-dressed* and more genteel people than usual,—furnishing no small evidence of approbation for her past conduct, and regret at her retirement. Indeed, she has rendered herself, by her affability and her benevolence, much beloved by those by whom she is more immediately surrounded. God only knows the heart; and it is not for weak and fallible mortals to pry into motives, or scrutinize with severity, or condemn with censure, the principles and views of those whose external conduct is correct. But the noise with which I am surrounded prevents my continuing to weary you further."

(No date.) Winter of 1817-18.

"On Saturday last commenced my appearance in the gay world here. I dined at Mr. Adams's, in company with the Vice-President, the judges of the Supreme Court, and a few gentlemen of the bar:

Mr. Otis, Mr. Harper, Mr. Hopkinson, Sergeant, and George,\*—a very select and a very pleasant party. I had no opportunity, however, of saying a single word to Mrs. Adams. Indeed, the habit which prevails here, of never introducing any one, has such an effect upon a man of my *modesty* as to preclude all attempts at acquaintance. I regretted not being able to speak to Mrs. A., as it is probable, from the manner of my life, and the style in which they live, I shall not have another opportunity of seeing her during my stay here. In the evening I went to Madame de Neuville's. A vast concourse of people, assembled without any definite object, attempting to make themselves agreeable, and making great efforts to be happy. This being the season of Lent, and Madame de N. being a strict Catholic, she remained in her drawing-room, surrounded by the most staid and sedate portion of her visitors. In another room, cards were introduced; and in a third, the young and the gay were tripping it lightly to the 'pipe and the tabor,' while groups of belles and beaux were crowded in every corner, and occupied every inch of the floor in the three apartments. As Webster, George, and myself went together, we were disconnected from every party, and had nothing to do but to gaze upon the scene before us. Heartless and unsatisfactory indeed did I find it, and I can safely say that I should derive more solid and sincere happiness from a single moment in the bosom of my family, than whole ages spent in this unfeeling and vapid intercourse. You inquire what I think of Mr. Wirt. I have only seen him in public, and can give you no information, except what is derived from information and a very slight observation. His habits are now, and for several years have been, perfectly correct. He is, indeed, one of the first men in the nation as a lawyer and an orator; as an author, his 'British Spy' does him great credit; but his recent 'Life of Patrick Henry' has not served to advance his reputation. He is now Attorney-General of the United States, and gives universal satisfaction, I believe, in that office. From his physiognomy and manners, I should think him a man of an amiable temper and kind affections; but of this I know nothing.

"The business of Congress begins to press heavily upon us, and I begin to find myself involuntarily engaged in its management. If I had only a little more impudence, industry, and ambition, I have no doubt I could make no inconsiderable figure among the great men with whom I am associated. But I love home and *you* too well to make the necessary sacrifice for public distinction."

"Feb. 20, 1818.

"I intend, by and by, to make an effort to see some of the fashionable people here, so that I may have it in my power, on my return, to talk about them with some *appearance* of acquaintance. To-morrow

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\* George Blake, the brother of Mrs. Mills. He was a prominent Boston lawyer and politician, for many years United States District Attorney, and an intimate friend of Mr. Webster.—L.



I am engaged to dine with Mr. Adams. The severe cold I have been afflicted with has almost left me, and I think I can venture out with safety. I yesterday made my first effort at a speech,\* and found I had a tolerable use of my voice. I gave better satisfaction to *myself* than I ever have done, and I am assured by my friends that *they* were much gratified. George was in the gallery, and I found, to say the least of it, that he was neither mortified nor disappointed. Do not mistake me, my dear Harriette, it is not vanity that prompts me to say these things to *you*, but because I know that you are interested in every thing that relates to your husband, and feel a sincere pleasure in any successful effort he may make in a good cause. The speech was upon the Bankrupt Bill, and, of course, was more argumentative than declamatory. I will send you the paper when it comes out. I promised some time ago to give you some account of the great men of the present Congress, but I begin to despair of finding them. There are a good many men of handsome talents enough, but none, among the new members, of a high and commanding character. The places of Gaston and Grosvenor and Webster and Hulbert and Calhoun are not supplied by those who have succeeded them; and the debates of the present session are, of course, less interesting and animated, though not less protracted."

"Wednesday, Dec. 30, 1818.

"I returned from a visit to Mr. Hanson this morning, and had the pleasure of finding your kind and affectionate letter of the 22d waiting my arrival. We had a most delightful and pleasant excursion to Mr. H.'s. He lives about twenty-eight miles from this, and nine miles from the road leading to Baltimore. We left here on Thursday at twelve o'clock; the party consisted of Mr. Mercer and Colston of Virginia, Johnson of Louisiana, and myself. On Friday, Mr. H. had a number of the gentlemen, planters in his vicinity, to dine with us, — living from three to fourteen miles distance from his house. Before dinner, however, we all went about eight miles to church, Hanson, Mercer, and Colston all being members of the Church of England. We had a very excellent and impressive sermon from a Mr. Wheaton, their stated minister; preached, however, to a congregation consisting of not more than thirty people, exclusive of our party. The subject was the birth of our Saviour, the change which this great event had wrought in a moral state of the world, the cause of joy and gratitude which it furnished to his followers, and the manner in which it should be commemorated by them. What this little flock wanted in numbers, they seemed to make up in devotion, for I have seldom seen a more attentive and, apparently, a more devout audience. On Saturday, we dined with Judge Hanson, a brother of our excellent host, where we met the same party. They live about four miles apart, being almost the nearest neighbors either of them has. The country around them is

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\* On February 19, in committee of the whole, Mr. Mills made a long and able speech, which occupies several pages of the *Annals of Congress* (15th Congr., vol. i., p. 954), on the establishment of a National Bankrupt Law. — L.

pleasant and fertile, laid off into large plantations, owned by men of wealth, and cultivated by slaves. The prospect from Mr. H.'s is beautiful, presenting an extent of neither hill nor plain, in our sense of the words, but of gentle swells, or what they call rolling lands, terminated on one side by the Chesapeake Bay, and on the other by the highlands of Virginia. It is now in a state of rapidly progressing improvement, occasioned by a change, produced within a very few years, of its former inhabitants for a much more moral and correct class who have succeeded them. This change is visible in the face of nature, as well as in the habits, manners, and pursuits of the inhabitants. On Sunday we were to have gone to Baltimore, a distance of ten miles, to church, and to dine with Dr. Alexander, a connection of Mr. H. Owing, however, to the state of the weather, and the health of Mr. H., we remained with him; and the church service was performed at his house by a young gentleman, who is preparing for the ministry, who resides in his family. On Monday we rode to Baltimore, dined at Dr. Alexander's with a large party invited to meet us, and returned in the evening to Mr. H.'s. We passed a delightful day with an intelligent, well-educated family, living in fine style, without any *fashionable airs* or display of extravagance. On Tuesday we were again over-persuaded to remain till after dinner, and did not arrive here until one o'clock to-day. As nothing of much consequence was transacted in our absence, I am heartily glad to have exchanged the solitary, selfish sort of life we lead here for a few days of rational enjoyment and friendly society. We shall probably do nothing till after New Year, as it is just announced that one of our body, a Mr. Mumford from North Carolina, died this evening. He was seized, five or six days ago, with a violent attack of the pleurisy, and it has terminated, as almost every such attack does here, fatally. I did not know him personally; but some anecdotes are in circulation respecting his conduct and conversation in his last illness, showing a total disregard for his future state, as well as a want of preparation to meet it. His funeral will be attended on Friday with all that idle pageantry and heartless ceremony which always occur here upon such an occasion. Heaven grant that my last sigh may be breathed in the atmosphere of friendship, and that the tear of affection and the sincerity of grief may be substituted for the solemn mockery which presides over the funeral obsequies of a man, ever so eminent, who is doomed to breathe his last at a distance from all those objects which the words of affection have bound around his heart. To-morrow evening I am engaged to Mrs. Adams, where I suppose I shall meet a large party, after which I will write you again."

"Feb. 16, 1819.

"For several days past I have been very much engaged in the business of the House, and have taken a more active part than I am accustomed to. We have had a most interesting and agitating debate upon the subject of prohibiting slavery in the territory west of the Mississippi, in which the slave-holding States have been arrayed against the

States where slavery is not tolerated. It is not necessary for me to state that I advocated the prohibition with all my force, and, I assure you it gives me great satisfaction to say, with success. The excitement, however, produced by this discussion is much greater than I have ever witnessed upon any occasion since I have been in Congress. The Southern and Western people here are so little accustomed to be in a minority that they cannot bear defeat with the same patience as those of us who almost every day experience it."

"March, 1819.

"Last evening a very brilliant ball was given by members of Congress and others to Mr. and Mrs. Bagot,\* who expect soon to return to England. There were about one hundred and seventy subscribers, and nearly or quite as many ladies, besides invited guests. You know I have no talent at description; you cannot, therefore, expect of me to describe the appearance of the room, the dress of the ladies, the elegance of the supper-tables, nor any of those thousand minutiae which the nice discrimination of a more accurate observer would so easily discern. In truth, I seldom attempt to analyze my feelings; and if I am pleased or displeased with the society or scenery around me, I do not attempt to account for it by examining too much in detail the individual objects or circumstances which produce such emotions. I can only, therefore, tell you, that the party was very large and brilliant, that everybody appeared in spirits, and genuine gayety for a moment seemed to predominate over the formality which usually prevails in their parties here. The ball was opened by Mrs. Bagot with *Yankee Doodle* in a country-dance, and, after a variety of cotillons, ended in a Scotch reel. I did not venture to sport my figure upon the floor excepting in a country-dance with the Mrs. Schuyler whom I have formerly mentioned to you, and who, I assure you, is an excellent and very correct woman. The room was hung with festoons and semi-circles of flowers and variegated lights, and emblematical figures and inscriptions in honor of the occasion. The supper-table was elegant, and superbly decorated. After supper Mr. Bagot, in a short but very neat and appropriate address, expressed his gratitude for all the kind civilities he had received in this country, and particularly for this last expression of good will; and concluded by the best wishes of himself and wife for the future happiness of each individual present. To this very appropriate address *no response* was made, excepting drinking the health of Mr. and Mrs. Bagot, and *God save the King* by the band. But I am fatiguing you with nonsense."

"PHILADELPHIA, March 5, 1819.

"I have just arrived thus far on my way home, with the utmost anxiety to continue my journey without delay; but I find it is impossible to get a conveyance from here until to-morrow at two o'clock,

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\* Hon. Charles Bagot, brother of Lord Bagot. Mrs. Bagot was the daughter of William Wellesley Pole, brother of the Duke of Wellington. See *Diary of J. Q. Adams*, vol. iv. p. 339. — L.

the early stages being engaged. I left Washington yesterday morning, and, by travelling all night, arrived here at eleven o'clock to-day. We had a most dreadful ride through the night, the roads for a part of the way being in a most horrid state. Our stage was crowded with twelve passengers, and three times in the course of the night we were obliged to unload for fear of turning over. One of our passengers, Mr. Hall, of Delaware, finding, as he supposed, the stage upsetting, leaped from the carriage, and in his fall dislocated his shoulder, and was obliged to stop at the first miserable inn, where he will probably be detained for some time. The stage man, however, succeeded in stopping his horses so as to prevent the catastrophe which was apprehended, and the rest of us were providentially preserved from injury. On my way to Baltimore I met my friend Hanson's carriage, which he had sent for the express purpose of bringing me to his house. I had determined upon going to see him, under a full conviction that it would be the only opportunity I should ever have of meeting him on this side the grave. I found, however, at the inn, *Miss Sarah Whitney*, whom Mr. Calvert had brought there for the purpose of putting her under my protection to return to her friends, so that I was obliged to give up this visit which I had so much at heart. I now hope to have a passage by steamboat most of the way to New Haven, and shall probably be with you as early as Thursday next. Mr. Webster and Mr. Allen are with me here; the latter will accompany me through my journey, and the former probably as far as New Haven. Our last days were very busy ones; and I assure you, notwithstanding my great anxiety to devote myself in future to my family and profession, it gave me no little pain to part with a few friends in Washington, probably forever. Mr. Goldsborough and Colston\* are men whom you would be delighted to know; and as to Hanson, his situation as well as his worth is sufficient to interest any one in his behalf."

"BOSTON, June 5, 1820.

"You have probably learned by the papers the honor conferred on me by the House.† I do not believe (though I dare say you will) that I feel unduly elated by this mark of distinction, though I confess the unanimity of the choice was highly gratifying to my feelings. We have not yet done much public business, the time having been principally occupied in organizing the government, and in those ceremonies and exhibitions which are so dear to Boston people. This part of my duty is, I assure you, extremely irksome to me, as I prefer very much (and am much better calculated for) the labors of my new station to the show and display, ceremonies and etiquette, attending it."

"WASHINGTON, *Tuesday*, Dec. 12, 1820.

"I have been so occupied for the last four or five days that I have scarcely had a moment's leisure. The question on the admission of

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\* Edward Colston, Representative from Virginia from 1817 to 1819. — L.

† His election as Speaker of House of Representatives. — L.

Missouri has occupied the Senate\* for the last week, and so much interest has been excited that our whole time, day and night, has been devoted to it. The question, however, is now settled in our House, and it is determined by a majority of eight that Missouri, with all her sins upon her, shall be admitted into the Union as a sister State. We have still strong hopes that this resolution will be rejected in the House of Representatives. This, however, is by no means certain. The debate in the Senate has been managed with great moderation, though, I confess, with much less ability than I had expected. In respect to talents in debate, I think our body, *as a body*, is very inferior to the other House. This remark, though somewhat treasonable, has been forced upon me by the experience of a week only, and I may find cause to change my opinion upon further observation. However, we make up in *dignity* what we want in talent. I beg you to consider these remarks as applicable to the *body* only. There are individuals in the Senate who are second to no men in the nation, but they seldom engage in debate. Upon this great question I have, somewhat reluctantly, I confess, given a silent vote; but I concluded, upon the whole, I would in the outset have the appearance, at least, of some humility."

"Sunday, Dec. 24, 1820.

"On Tuesday evening I went to Mrs. Adams's, where I found forty or fifty people of different sexes collected from all parts of the Union, and crammed into a little room just large enough to contain them when standing up in groups. I went about half-past eight, made a bow to Mrs. Adams, had a few minutes' conversation with her husband, drank a cup of tea, conversed an hour with whomsoever I could find in the crowd, took some ice-cream, and returned home about ten o'clock; and a more unsocial and dissonant party I have seldom been in, even in this wilderness of a city. On Thursday I dined at the same house, and as the party consisted mostly of people with whom I am well acquainted, I passed the time very pleasantly. I went with Mr. King† in his own carriage. We dined about half-past six, and came away at nine. Mrs. Adams is, on the whole, a very pleasant and agreeable woman; but the Secretary has no talent to entertain a mixed company, either by conversation or manners. He is, however, growing more popular, and, if he conducts with ordinary prudence, may be our next president. I have not yet been to any other parties, nor do I feel any inclination so to do."

"December, 1820.

"I have not yet been here long enough to give you any account, from *personal observation*, of the society and amusements of the metropolis; but as there is no great probability, let my stay be ever so long, of my mingling enough in them to enable me to gratify your

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\* Mr. Mills was now a Senator. — L.

† Rufus King, at this time Senator from New York. — L.

curiosity by what I see myself, I fear your information upon these *all-important* subjects must remain, after all, somewhat limited. The drawing-room of Mrs. Monroe is open but once a fortnight. To make up in some degree for the *infrequency* of Mrs. Monroe's parties, Mrs. Bagot and Mrs. de Neuville have open rooms each one evening in the week, the former on Monday and the latter on Saturday. At the British Minister's the amusements are such as you usually find in such parties, — conversation, music, and cards. At the French Minister's dancing is almost always superadded. These are spoken of as much more pleasant, though not more elegant, than Mrs. Bagot's, and are very constantly and *crowdedly* attended. Even our staid and sober New England ladies, it is said, almost always show themselves at these Saturday evening parties, and readily 'join the jocund dance' on what they have been educated to consider as holy time. These public meetings, together with select parties more or less every week, enable the fashionable visitors here to kill time as effectually as they can wish. I have been nowhere, not even to call on the President; this I shall do, however, on Monday. But although I have neglected this mark of respect, I have received to-day an invitation to dine with him on Friday next."

"*Saturday Evening, Jan. 6, 1821.*"

"Yesterday I had the *honor* of dining with the President, if honor it may be called. I am sure it had very little else to recommend it. He gives a dinner once a week, on Friday, to members of Congress and others. His parties are selected without taste or judgment or any reference to the associations or friendships which exist among his guests. Indeed, the only object seems to be to get through what is evidently a severe task, of giving all a dinner in their proper turn. Mrs. Monroe does not appear at the dinner parties this year at all, to the no little mortification and disappointment of the few ladies who are here with their husbands, and who are thus deprived of the honor of sitting at her table. In the evening, there was a very large and brilliant party at Mr. Gales's, the editor of the 'Intelligencer,' consisting of at least five hundred persons, filling five rooms above and below stairs. In two there was dancing, and in one a supper table, where most of the guests resorted in the course of the evening. I went with Mr. Otis,\* and stayed about an hour, merely to see the exhibition, which, after all, was neither more nor less than a genteel mob. I feel no more inclination for such parties than you do, and I never go excepting when I think I am required to do so by the rules of civility. They are as heartless as they are fatiguing."

"*Tuesday, Jan. 16, 1821.*"

"My time is every moment employed. I have risen by sunrise almost every morning. It takes me about an hour in my warm room to dress. I then breakfast, look over the papers upon which we are to

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\* Harrison Gray Otis, Mr. Mills's colleague in the Senate — L.

be employed during the day, go to the Senate chamber, where we are kept till about half-past four, come home, and get through dinner so as to leave the table about seven. In the evening we resort to no amusement excepting that of conversation and discussing over again the proceedings of the day. Since I wrote you last, I have dined with Mr. Poletica, the Russian Envoy. He lives in great style, and gave us a most splendid dinner. One advantage, at least, is enjoyed by the Senators here, which is not extended to the Representatives. They are much more attended to, and take precedence in all parties. Of course they are brought more in immediate contact with all the grand dignitaries here. There were no ladies at table, and it is somewhat extraordinary that of all the foreign ministers resident here not one of them has a wife, or any females but servants in their families. Mrs. Adams keeps up her weekly parties every Tuesday evening, but although I have a *general* invitation for every evening I have been there but once. The fatigue and toil and ceremony of these parties quite outbalance all the allurements they have for so old and cynical a fellow as I am."

"*Sunday, Jan. 21, 1821.*

"I intended to have devoted this day to writing letters to you and all the children, but the arrival of my old friend Colston from Virginia last evening has prevented. Not that I have been the whole time engaged with him, but he persuaded me to go to church all day, which deprived me of the only time I could have had for that purpose, and he has been in my room most of the time we were out of church. We had a very fine sermon in the morning from Bishop Brownell, of Connecticut, upon the vanity of all worldly honors, distinctions, and pursuits, — very chaste, neat, and impressive, but his manner, though I think very fine, was not sufficiently impassioned for the Virginia taste. The most popular preachers here are those whose manner I dislike most, — your violent declaimers and extemporaneous exhorters, — those who appeal to the passions without any thing like system or method in the management of their subject. Colston, who is a very zealous and orthodox Christian, has recently returned from Kentucky, and gives a most terrible picture of the moral state of society in most of their great towns. As to the Transylvania University, over which Mr. Holley\* presides, he speaks of it as destitute of all restraint and discipline, and a nursery of vice and profligacy. Some allowances are undoubtedly to be made for his prejudices, but aside from the peculiar tenets of Holley, I have no doubt the institution is in a most deplorable state, and is losing reputation as fast as it acquired it upon his accession to the presidency. I went last night to a large party, — a wedding visit to Dr. Worthington's. His only daughter, a younger sister of the late Mrs. Gaston, is married to a Mr. Pierson, formerly a member of Congress from North Carolina, a widower of about forty-five, and a man of good talents and immense wealth. The house was crowded as full as it could be, and the party was very gay."

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\* Rev. Horace Holley, who went there from Massachusetts. — L.

January or February, 1819.

"Yesterday I dined with the French Minister in a party consisting of about twenty or twenty-five, mostly members of Congress. The dinner was in true French style, every thing so disguised and transformed that no one knew what to ask for, or what was before him, — whether ham or jelly, mutton chop or pudding, no one could tell until he had put his knife into the dish. The first course consisted almost entirely of cold meats, in various forms, pickled, hashed, and minced, as well as whole. Turkeys without bones, and puddings in the form of fowls, fresh cod disguised like a salad, and celery like oysters, all served to excite the wonder and amazement of the guests. It reminded me of an anecdote told by Horace Walpole when giving an account of a dinner of a great man at which he was present; he said, 'Every thing was cold but the water, and every thing was sour but the vinegar.' Excepting, however, the perplexity of finding out what was upon the table, I had a very pleasant time. Mr. and Mrs. de Neuville are decidedly the most pleasant and the most popular of the foreigners residing here. Pleasant and affable in their deportment, they take great pains to please, and to avoid the ceremony and cold politeness which distinguish almost all the intercourse which takes place here. Although of a frivolous nation, they both seem very considerate and sufficiently grave, and have much less of frivolity than the other ministers resident here. Their kindness seems unaffected, and their piety, it is said, is equally so. In the evening there was an immense crowd of ladies and gentlemen, their house being open for that purpose every Saturday evening. The usual insipid interchange of idle questions and needless replies, gazing, lounging, card-playing, and dancing occupied the various groups, as fancy or caprice might dictate, and the evening closed with a waltz by the daughters of the Spanish Minister, and a few others, mostly foreigners. The death of the Queen of England has kept Mr. and Mrs. Bagot out of society for the last fortnight, and thrown all the foreign ministers and families into a mourning dress. The *intensity of their grief* has, however, almost worn off, when amends will be made, I presume, for this temporary seclusion. I dined too, the other day, at the President's; had a much more pleasant and less reserved intercourse than I had ever witnessed when Madison was President. Mrs. Hull, the wife of the Commodore, who is now in the city, is said to be the reigning beauty here. If you have seen her, therefore, you may be able to form some idea of the others. She is not a beauty; to my taste too insipid and too much like wax-work. But I did not intend to fill this whole letter with nonsense, and will stop."

"Saturday, Dec. 29, 1821.

"We had, however, a very pleasant time at dinner on Christmas. Mr. Randolph was peculiarly pleasant. Mr. Sparks, you know, is chaplain of the House of Representatives. I asked Randolph how he liked his sermon on Sunday. 'Miserable, miserable *stuff*,' said he. '*Works, works* are to save us! He might as well discard a Saviour altogether, for by his doctrine we needed none. Sir, it is as bad as the



old doctrine of the Catholics, who believed that a man could by works *more* than earn salvation (supererogation), and that the balance of his goodness should be carried to the account of some other *poor devil*, who fell short of the requisite quantity,' &c."

"Tuesday, Jan. 15, 1822.

"On Saturday last our family all dined at the French Minister's, where we had a very pleasant as well as splendid party. I, however, forbore offering my services to help any one, for in the French fashion of dishing up a dinner, it is impossible to know whether the dish before you is *ham* or *sponge cake*, *pudding*, *fish*, or *salad*. In the evening her rooms were crowded, and there were as usual dancing and other amusements in all parts of the house. Here for the first time I became acquainted with Mrs. Jonathan Russell. She seems to me to be fantastical in nothing but her dress and appearance. I sat by her for some time, and I really found that she conversed with great good sense and propriety. There was also there a Miss Randolph from Virginia, daughter of the Governor of that State, and granddaughter of Mr. Jefferson. She is a great favorite with the Southern gentlemen, but not at all with the ladies from any quarter. She affects a great superiority of intellect and information, and really possesses both, but is arrogant in her manners, declamatory in her style of conversation, and *claims*, as of right, admiration from all around her. On Thursday evening there is to be a party and ball at Mrs. Brown's, where I have engaged to go, so that you see I am endeavoring to avoid, what you think to be so injurious to me, the stupidity of solitude. On Saturday next I go by invitation with my friend Mr. Mercer\* to Mount Vernon to spend Sunday with Judge Washington. I confess I do not anticipate much pleasure from the visit, for his domestic situation is said to be peculiar and most unpleasant; of this, however, I will give you some account on my return.

"As to the gossip of this great metropolis, Heaven forgive me, I know little of it, and should not be able to describe it if I did. I have no talent for that species of detail, and as I know it would not afford you any gratification, Mrs. Ashmun must excuse me for not attempting it for her amusement. In one respect the intercourse of society here has much improved; I mean so far as relates to members of Congress. Formerly they saw little of each other except in Congress Hall, or casually at great routs. It is now very common to have small dinner parties at each other's *messes*, in which they become more intimately acquainted, by the free and unrestrained interchange of opinions and sentiments. This, as you will easily perceive, increases the expense of living, but adds both to the respectability and pleasure of our establishments. Our Massachusetts people, and I among the number, have grown great favorites with Mr. Randolph. He has invited me to dine with him twice, and he has dined with us as often. He is now what

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\* Charles Fenton Mercer, member of Congress from Virginia from 1817 to 1840. — L.

he used to be in his best days, — in good spirits, with fine manners and the most fascinating conversation. I would give more to have you see *him* than any man now living on the earth; not because I think more highly of him than of most of my acquaintances here, but from his peculiarities and the entire originality of his character. For the last two years he has been in a state of great perturbation, and has indulged himself in the ebullitions of littleness and acerbity, in which he exceeds almost any man living. He is now in better humor, and is capable of making himself exceedingly interesting and agreeable. How long this state of feelings may continue, may depend upon accident or caprice. He is, therefore, not a desirable inmate or a safe friend, but under proper restrictions a most entertaining and instructive companion. As to business in our *august* body, I can say but little. I am tired, heartily tired of hearing every day premeditated orations from men of ordinary capacity and less acquirements, made for the mere purpose of showing their constituents that they can *make a speech*. I have been busy in carrying into effect measures which I deemed useful, without mingling much in the debates. Next week we shall have some constitutional questions before us, in which I suppose I shall be obliged to take a part. Having been so constantly engaged for several months before I left home in discussions of one kind and another, I have been glad, to tell the truth, to hold my peace for a short time."

"Tuesday, Jan. 22, 1822.

"In my last I informed you of some of my engagements and arrangements for the week. On Tuesday evening last I went with our family to Mrs. Brown's, where we had a party of about three hundred people. A suite of apartments, consisting of five rooms all connected together, was thrown open, where there were dancing, whist, conversation, and supper. The rooms were all crowded, and the party was very brilliant, and said to be very pleasant. Now, I do no more than the honest truth, to tell you that I do not enjoy such parties, notwithstanding the assemblage of beauty and fashion they contain. Mr. Brown is a member of the Senate from Louisiana; a man of overgrown fortune, and disposed to spend it liberally. Mrs. B. is a woman of fashion, vain, superficial, and far from beautiful, but disposed to make her parties as agreeable as possible, which she can only do by making a great display. She is about forty-five years old, without children, and having no pursuit but the pleasures of society. On Saturday morning early I started with Mr. Mercer, Mr. Van Buren, and Mr. Garnett\* for Mount Vernon, and arrived at Judge Washington's before dinner. Here we found a number of gentlemen from Alexandria, who, in the true old Virginia style, stayed till the next day. We remained till Monday, and I was much gratified with my visit. They live so retired from the world that a visit of this kind affords to *him*, who is very fond of society, much gratification. Mrs.

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\* Robert S. Garnett, member of Congress from Virginia, from 1817 to 1827.  
—L.

Washington we did not see. She is, or pretends to be, an invalid, and sees nobody, not even the ladies who occasionally visit there, nor her most intimate, or rather nearest, relations. She confines herself entirely to her chamber, has an excellent appetite, is in high flesh, and employs herself in reading novels and works of taste and imagination. It is said she is a woman of strong feelings, great *passion*, and correct moral sentiments, but that she has taken a strong disgust to society, and hates the face of everybody but her husband. He is a most mild, amiable, and pleasant man, of the utmost simplicity and purity of manners and morals, of good talents, and considerable industry. His form and appearance are very diminutive and effeminate. His face, like Randolph's, is that of an old woman, and he has neither *beard* nor *children*. The situation of the place is the most delightful that can be conceived; but the buildings, grounds, and every thing around them seem to be in a state of dilapidation and ruin. There are fine gardens laid out by General Washington, two noble greenhouses filled with shrubs and plants, into which Mrs. W. never enters, and where the Judge says he does not go more than once a month. Still, they are kept in pretty good order, and his table is furnished from them with a great profusion of as fine oranges as any I have ever seen. On the whole, the visit was to me very pleasant and delightful. This evening there is a drawing-room at Mrs. Monroe's; but although I have not been this year, and although our ladies and some of our gentlemen are going, I cannot make myself up for the occasion. To-morrow I am to dine with the British Minister, Mr. Canning.\* He is a plain, honest John Bull, without show or pretensions, and I am in hopes of a pleasant party."

"Saturday, Feb. 9, 1822.

"Since I left home I have not spent a day with so little satisfaction to myself as I have the greatest part of the present; and although I have no more reason to reproach myself than thousands who were engaged in the same manner, I can nevertheless assure you that I am not conscious of being guilty of any thing since I left you more reprehensible. Be not alarmed: there is not positive sin, excepting the waste of precious time. But although the scene has been unsatisfactory, to say the least of it, in the exhibition, it may be somewhat interesting in the description. For five or six weeks past there have been in the city about a dozen Indians, chiefs and warriors of the Pawnee and other tribes, from the utmost regions of the North-west. They had visited the President as their Great Father, taken a view of the Senate and House of Representatives, and been shown every thing which was calculated to impress them with an idea of our power, our wealth, and the arts of civilized life. Yesterday they took their formal leave of the President in set speeches, at the close of which they made him a present of skins, moccasins, wampum, &c., and received in return each a full suit of uniform clothing; and by way of gratifying the curiosity

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\* Stratford Canning, first cousin of George Canning, and afterward first Viscount Stratford de Redcliffe. — L.

of those who had treated them with so much hospitality, they have to-day exhibited themselves in their war dance. The exhibition commenced at twelve and continued till near four o'clock, in front of the President's house; and a more ridiculous piece of savage mummery was never witnessed by a Christian assembly. Three thousand people were congregated upon this occasion, of all sorts and degrees. The palace was filled from garret to cellar, and the immense crowd in front of the house prevented the possibility of seeing by those within. I was mounted on a table at one of the windows, so pressed and crowded that it was only by standing tiptoe that I could occasionally get a glimpse of the feats of the savage band. They were almost naked, — their faces, arms, and bodies painted in the most fantastic and capricious manner, according to their respective tastes, — and ornamented with feathers, belts, and trinkets. The music consisted of the rude thumping of an instrument like a drum, which was performed by the squaw of one of the chiefs, who was the only female of the party. Their movements were very regular, though rude and ungraceful, and their attitudes hideous and beastly, varying, however, with the character of the dance. In one of their dances they came round individually in front of the President, who was in the circle with them, and each recounted his exploits, and the deeds of death which he had committed, and which were translated by the interpreter. In this part of the exhibition I was more disappointed than in any other. There was none of the rude eloquence for which the savages have been celebrated, but a dull, monotonous, cold rehearsal of their savage murders. For instance, one said 'he met his enemy in the forest, caught him like a tiger in the face, threw him upon the earth, and despatched him with his tomahawk;' and in commemoration of that event he had painted on his face the figure of a hand. The principal chief boasted that he had killed eight of his foes with his war-club, and accompanied his declaration with eight separate strokes with his club upon the ground, making a savage yell at each blow. This chieftain was decorated with a curious head-dress composed of feathers and quills, which he could open and spread by some motion of his head, like the tail of a peacock. He had also appended in their proper place three tails of some animals, which he could also move at pleasure. And so they went through; one only acknowledging that he had never shed the blood of his fellow-man, and his rank, of course, was low among his brother savages. But I shall fatigue you with this recital as much as I feel myself fatigued by witnessing the ridiculous spectacle. Here, however, were assembled the great dignitaries of a Christian and civilized nation, and all the fashion and all the beauty of the metropolis, commingled with all that is low and vulgar and mobbish, in one confused and irregular mass. I escaped as soon as I could, and am thankful that I have got away in safety."

*"Thursday, Feb. 28, 1822.*

"You will see by the papers that death has again entered our body, and selected from it one of its brightest ornaments. Mr. William

Pinkney has been this day consigned to the house appointed for all the living. His sickness has been but short, and his death as unexpected as it is distressing to his family and friends. He was sick but a week. On Saturday he attended the Supreme Court, made a most splendid and able argument in a highly important cause, was seized on Sunday morning with an attack, somewhat apoplectic, in the head, loss of reason, and an inflammatory fever which terminated his life. I have often spoken of Mr. P., and believe I have formerly given you in writing a description of his style of eloquence. He was one of the most extraordinary men of this or any other country, and united more of the seeming inconsistencies and contrarieties of character than any man I ever knew. He was perhaps the greatest lawyer south of Philadelphia, — studious, indefatigable, and immensely laborious, and quite as ambitious of ornament as of profoundness. His style of speaking was more artificial than that of any man I ever saw off of the stage, and yet interesting in the highest degree. His arguments upon the most abstruse subjects were decorated with all the flowers of rhetoric which the most exuberant imagination could supply, and his speeches always attracted the attention and enchained the feelings of all who came within reach of his voice. In the Senate he has seldom taken a very active part, having confined himself of late principally to his profession. With all his greatness of mind and energy of intellect, he was in appearance the most consummate fop you ever saw, and with the experience, information, and varied knowledge of a studious man of sixty (which was about his age), he united all the dandyism of a young Bond Street loungeur of eighteen. But he has gone to his great account, and has furnished another striking instance of the variety, the transient and evanescent nature of all human greatness, teaching us all what shadows we are and what shadows we pursue."

"Dec. 26, 1822.

"Since I last wrote you, I have been to a very brilliant evening party at Mr. Canning's, and am invited to dine there a week from to-day. The evening party was as pleasant as such crowded rooms can be, but the diplomatic dinners are, in general, too formal and ceremonious for much comfort. To-day I shall dine with the Secretary of the Navy;\* Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd† and the Dickinsons‡ are to be of the party and, I presume, a numerous host besides. But I have filled my letter with a great deal of frivolous matter, which, I fear, will be wholly uninteresting to you."

"Thursday, Jan. 2, 1823.

"Yesterday being New Year, there was no business done in Congress; and, notwithstanding it rained a torrent, the whole city, male

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\* Samuel L. Southard, of New Jersey. — L.

† James Lloyd, of Boston, at this time Mr. Mills's colleague in the Senate. — L.

‡ John D. Dickinson, member of Congress from Connecticut. — L.

and female, secretaries, ambassadors, members of Congress, public agents, and private citizens paid their devoirs at the palace, to present the inhabitants the 'compliments of the season,' — an unmeaning ceremony, but as sensible as many other ceremonious observances. As I was engaged to dine at five o'clock at Mr. Adams's, I went in the crowd to the President's to see the show. But I have so often described these scenes to you, and as a description of one conveys a very good idea of all the rest, I will not again undertake it. At Mr. Adams's I found a pleasant party and an excellent dinner, and returned home about eight o'clock, which was as soon as the dinner was over. Do not suppose that we spent the evening in the old-fashioned style of drinking and smoking. The latter is entirely banished from all genteel society, and the former conducted with great moderation. The French fashion, certainly much more rational, generally prevails. A few glasses of wine after the cloth is removed, and almost immediately upon the ladies retiring, the gentlemen follow to the drawing-room, where coffee is served."

(No date.) 1823 (?).

"I dined yesterday with Mr. Adams, in a large party of gentlemen only. He is scarcely talked of now as president, although last year his chance seemed to be better than any other candidate. A few days ago I dined, too, with Mr. Crawford, now, I think, the most prominent candidate. He is a hardy, bold, resolute man, with the *appearance* of great frankness and openness of character, unpolished and somewhat rude in his manners, and very far inferior to Mr. Adams in learning and attainments. He has, however, a strong, vigorous mind, and has made himself what he is by his own active efforts. His political course has been uniformly Democratic, and he is now considered at the head of those who are here termed radicals. Of Mr. Calhoun, another candidate, I will also give you some account. I know him well, and have always been upon terms of personal friendship with him. He was a member of Congress when I first came here, and is now Secretary of War. He is about the age of Mr. Bates, and was a classmate of his and Lyman. He came into Congress very young, and took a decided part in favor of the late war, and of all the measures connected with it. He is ardent, persevering, industrious, and temperate, of great activity and quickness of perception, and rapidity of utterance; as a politician, too theorizing, speculative, and metaphysical, — magnificent in his views of the powers and capacities of the government, and of the virtue, intelligence, and wisdom of the *people*. He is in favor of elevating, cherishing, and increasing all the institutions of the government, and of a vigorous and energetic administration of it. From his rapidity of thought, he is often wrong in his conclusions, and his theories are sometimes wild, extravagant, and impractical. He has always claimed to be, and is, of the Democratic party, but of a very different class from that of Crawford; more like Adams, and his schemes are sometimes denounced by his party as ultra-fanatical. His private character is estimable and exemplary,

and his devotion to his official duties is regular and severe. But he is formidably opposed on the ground of his youth, his inexperience, his heterodoxy in politics, and his ambition. I have thus given you some account of those whose pretensions to the presidency are most prominent; enough, at least, to satisfy your neighbors that you are not altogether uninformed upon the subject. Of Mr. Lowndes I will say but a word. He is of the same school with Calhoun; an older man, of more general information, but of much less energy and activity. He is a man of fortune and of taste, but far from a great man in the powers of his intellect or attainments. After all, I doubt whether either of these early aspirants will succeed in their views, and I confess I should be glad to see a better man than either at the head of the government under which I live, and for which I entertain so much respect. Who he will be, or whether the fortunate individual will be better or worse than those I have named, is at present entirely uncertain. I have just run over what I have written on this sheet, and if it is not in the true style of a *politician* I am mistaken; for I think I may challenge even you to decide which I should vote for if obliged to choose from among them. This, however, is not intentional, for I intended to give you a just representation of their respective qualifications."

"Saturday, Jan. 25, 1823.

"The question who shall be the candidate for governor and lieutenant-governor of Massachusetts, it seems, is settled in caucus. I confess I should have been quite as well pleased if they had agreed upon our neighbor, the sheriff, for the highest seat in the synagogue, as to place him where they have; and, I dare say, in this opinion I shall have the hearty concurrence of my friend, the sheriff,\* and the *sheriff's wife*. Will she be willing to play a second fiddle to Mrs. Otis, or does she think she ought to be at the head of the orchestra? The election, I think, will be a warm one, and its result is somewhat doubtful. Mr. O. and Mr. L. were both members of the Hartford Convention, which, in the minds of some, is a deadly political sin. They are both open, avowed, and decided Unitarians, which, in the minds of others, is a fatal and dangerous religious heresy. But I assure you, though I think the candidates have much opposition to encounter, I most sincerely wish them success, and shall most cordially unite in their support. It is near five o'clock, and I am engaged to dine with my colleague, Mr. Lloyd, who, by the way, is much respected here, and not the less so, perhaps, for mingling so little in society. They live in a very snug and quiet manner within a few doors of me, and I have an opportunity of seeing them frequently. Mrs. Lloyd is much esteemed here. She is certainly a very ladylike and amiable woman, more prudent and discreet, but less talent and smartness, than Mrs. Otis. My

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\* Joseph S. Lyman of Northampton. The ticket was Otis and Lyman, and was defeated by the Democrats under William Eustis, the first governor for many years, and one of the few ever chosen by that party in the State. — L.

situation is much more pleasant in Senate with Mr. L. than it was with Mr. O. We more frequently agree in our opinions and votes ; and if we disagree, which seldom happens, it produces no unpleasant feelings or remarks."

" *Saturday*, Feb. 15, 1823.

"To-day the Senate have not been in session, and I thought this morning I should get time to write not only to you, but to the children also. But so difficult is it here to accomplish any thing, that I found that a few calls of business at the public offices had consumed the whole day. No one who has not visited here can have an idea of the inconveniences of this place for either business or pleasure ; and there is much practical truth in the seeming paradox of your brother George, who, in his emphatic style, said the other day : 'I hold it to be a well-established fact that there is no one place in Washington which is not at least two miles distant *from any other place*.'

"I am sorry, my dear Harriette, that the very incorrect and garbled report of my speech upon abolishing imprisonment for debt has fallen into your hands. It is in many respects exceedingly imperfect, and in some parts unintelligible. I can only say it did me no discredit in Senate, and I am in hopes you will soon see a more correct report of it in the 'National Intelligencer.' Most of the gentlemen here write out their speeches for publication ; but I have strong objections to that practice, aside from the labor which it imposes. It looks too much like taking pains to make one popular, and I am not conscious of ever doing that, your occasional accusations to the contrary notwithstanding. Indeed, I think I am quite too careless about it ; for the great efforts made by some very small men around me have produced a disgust to that course of proceeding which very often prevents me from taking any part in the discussions of the day. I am, however, well satisfied with my standing in Senate ; and if my name does not appear so often in the papers as some, and I make less noise at a distance, it affords me no mortification whatever.'

"Jan. 9, 1824.

"You seem to fear that I am not well situated for the winter. I can assure you I was never better situated here. I have not, it is true, the social enjoyment resulting from a pleasant mess, but I have more time to attend to the business of Congress, and to the thousand other concerns which daily distract my attention. I shall probably live much more secluded from society than I did last year ; but I assure you I do not much regret the change. Advancing age, sober reflections, and the necessity of studying economy in my expenses, all contribute to reconcile me to a more recluse mode of life. I have, however, very good society near me, and such as would befriend me in any emergency. Henshaw is within a stone's-throw ; my friend Eaton \* and General

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\* John Henry Eaton, at this time Senator from Tennessee. — L.



Jackson are very near; and several other members of Congress at the next door. I went last night, for the first time this season, to an evening party at Mr. Adams's. It was a party given, as you know, in honor of General Jackson. He was kind enough to insist on my going in a carriage with him. We arrived about eight o'clock, and such a crowd you never witnessed. Eight large rooms were open, and literally filled to overflowing. There must have been at least a thousand people there; and so far as Mrs. Adams was concerned, it certainly evinced a great deal of taste, elegance, and good sense. I wandered, or rather pushed my way, through all the rooms, gazed on the crowd, came round to the supper-room about half-past nine, and left there about ten. Many stayed till twelve and one. I am good for nothing to describe such a scene in detail; but it is the universal opinion that nothing has ever equalled this party here, either in brilliancy of preparation or elegance of the company."

"Jan. 22, 1824.

"And so then, my dear Harriette, you are tired of my dull epistles about myself, and my oft-repeated assurances of attachment and devotion, and my tedious details about our children, and really wish me, if not to *confine* myself to politics, at least to give you some information of the great questions that occupy us here. Well, be it so. I know I have neglected these things in my communications, but it has been because I thought you would take no interest in them. As to the approaching election of president, then. It is impossible to foretell the result, and we are all so much influenced by our feelings and wishes as to be very doubtful prophets. The character of Mr. Adams you know very well. He is unquestionably more learned, better educated, has a more thorough knowledge of our Constitution, our foreign relations, the history, theory, and practice of our government, than either of the other candidates. His supporters are principally in New England, some in New York, and some at the South and South-west. He has not, however, at present a majority in his favor, nor indeed has any other candidate. Mr. Crawford, perhaps, has more friends in Congress than any of them, though of all men he is the last I wish to see elected. He is coarse, rough, uneducated, of a pretty strong mind, a great intriguer, and determined to make himself president. He is at the head of what is called the *Radical* party,—a race of economists who are for curtailing all expenses, and belittling, if not destroying, all the important institutions of the country. His friends are endeavoring to get up a caucus of members of Congress for his nomination. In this I think they will succeed, though the caucus I do not believe will be attended by a majority of the members. According to present appearances, he has not a majority in his favor, either in Congress or among the people. General Jackson, in point of numbers, stands next. His great military services during the late war rendered him very popular at the West, and extended his fame through the country. But he was considered extremely rash and inconsiderate, tyrannical and despotic, in his principles. A personal acquaintance with him has

convinced many who held these opinions that they were unfounded. He is very mild and amiable in his disposition, of great benevolence, and his manners, though formed in the wilds of the West, exceedingly polished and polite. Everybody that knows him loves him, and he is exactly the man with whom *you* would be delighted. With a frame worn down, and a constitution almost destroyed by hardships, and a head gray with service rather than age, he has all the ardor and enthusiasm of youth, and is as free from guile as an infant. I had very strong prejudices against him, and opposed him most vehemently in Congress five years ago. Indeed, I considered him but little advanced in civilization above the savages with whom he was at war. But a personal acquaintance with him has dissipated all my prejudices; and although I still think he sometimes lost sight of the restraints of law and constitution, his motives were always pure and his object patriotic. One anecdote very creditable to him I had heard from Mr. Eaton, and a few days ago I made inquiry of the General, and had it confirmed from his own mouth. In 1813, when at war with the Creek Indians, after a battle in which the American arms had been successful, and there had been a great destruction of the poor Creeks, there was found upon the field of battle a little infant, a boy but a few weeks old. It seems his father had fallen in the conflict, and his mother too had been slain. The friendly Indians who were fighting on our side were for terminating at once the miseries of the little innocent, under the conviction that it would be impossible to preserve its life without more care than it was worth, and were actually upon the point of putting it to death when the General discovered their design, and immediately interfered for its preservation. With much difficulty he extricated the child from its cruel captors, took it into his own arms, and carried it to his tent. He took the personal charge of it for months, nourished and cherished it in the wilderness, and at the end of the campaign brought it home to his own house, took it into his family, and with great care and assiduity sustained it and reared it up in health. The little fellow is now ten years old. He yesterday showed me a letter from him, written very well, and the style as well as the chirography would do credit to either of our boys. He is determined to give him a good education, and if possible make him a useful man. But with all General Jackson's good and great qualities, I should be sorry to see him President of the United States. His early education was very deficient, and his modes of thinking and habits of life partake too much of war and military glory.

"Mr. Calhoun stands next on the list. He is a man about forty years old, regular and correct in all his habits, of good talents, well educated, but ardent and somewhat extravagant in some of his political sentiments, of great integrity, but I think stands at present no chance of success. Adams, Jackson, and Calhoun all think well of each other, and are united at least in one thing, — to wit, a most thorough dread and abhorrence of Crawford. Mr. Clay stands by himself, and, with many excellent qualities, would be more dangerous at the head of the government than either of the others. Ardent, bold, and adventurous

in all his theories, he would be, as is feared, rash in enterprise, and inconsiderate and regardless of consequences. His early education was exceedingly defective, and his morals have been not the most pure and correct. On the whole, judging from present appearances, I think there will be no choice of president by the electors, — in which case the election falls upon the House of Representatives, — and that Adams, Crawford, and Jackson will be the three highest candidates, out of which the choice will finally be made.\* These speculations, however, are founded upon present appearances. What changes may happen before the election takes place it is not easy to foresee. I have thus given you my crude notions; but, in the genuine spirit of a politician, as you will say, I have not told *even you* who is my favorite candidate. That is of no consequence; nor do I (*entre nous*) feel any very strong convictions in favor of either. If you wish to turn politician, or even to converse intelligibly upon the presidential question, you must read at least the Constitution of the United States, and ascertain the mode of his election.

“The Greek question, so called, is now under discussion in the House of Representatives. Mr. Webster made a *great* though not a very *eloquent* speech upon the subject. Colonel Dwight† and a thousand others are following in the train. Whether it will find its way into the Senate is not yet determined. We are much more grave and dignified in our body than in the House, and declamation is hardly tolerated with us.”

“WASHINGTON, Feb. 28, 1824.

“You must have misapprehended, my dear Harriette, some part of my letter in relation to Mr. Lathrop. I most heartily wish him success, and think him deserving of it. Still, I know full well the motives which induced his nomination, and the objects of those who promote it with us. First, Mr. Lathrop at present fills a place which our good brother Bates is very desirous of filling, and which he is certainly very well qualified to fill with advantage to the country and credit to himself. Secondly, Mr. Bates has a great deal of professional business, which, if he was sent to Congress, the young aspirants at the bar — Forbes, Ashmun, Clark, &c. — think they should share among them; and thus Lathrop, Bates, and myself being disposed of, they could cut and carve business and profits for themselves. But I have no idea of being disposed of in this way. Hence I say that if their plans in the election of Lathrop for governor, and Bates as his successor in Congress, should be successful, I should return home with a prospect of taking at least my share of professional labor and profit. This was all I meant, my dear wife, by my short hints in a former letter. I beg you not for a moment to think me so ungrateful as to repine at my own situation. My ambition, if I ever had any, has been

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\* This prediction was, as every one knows, exactly verified. — L.

† Henry W. Dwight, of Massachusetts, member of Congress from 1821 to 1831. — L.

more than gratified. I neither expect nor wish for any thing further. I have not sought the honors which have been so often undeservedly bestowed upon me; and Heaven knows I have never envied those who have been more fortunate in the attainment of wealth or honors."

"WASHINGTON, March 26, 1824.

"Enclosed I forward you a communication which I have just received, signed by all the Representatives of our State in Congress. In what manner precisely I shall answer it, I have not as yet determined. I must, however, get away, although I have no doubt my going will produce great complaint, both here and at home. I am not vain enough, I would not have you suppose, to believe that this request proceeds from an expectation of any great personal influence I may possess in the Senate. But there are some questions to be decided before the close of the session, and among them particularly the tariff, in which a single vote may of itself be of great consequence; and should it eventually happen that the great question so interesting to Massachusetts should be decided by a single vote in the Senate, I should expect never to be forgiven."

"*Saturday Evening, April 3, 1824.*

"Never in my life did I address you with more unmingled emotions of grief and regret. Notwithstanding my assurances to you in my letter of yesterday, that I should start for home to-day, I have been prevailed upon to remain, and how long, Heaven only knows. I had resisted the repeated importunities of my friends, and determined to go at all hazards, when last evening, after having got into a state of preparation, I was waited upon by our whole delegation from Massachusetts, who expressed to me their undivided opinion that I could not go without an inexcusable dereliction of duty. After much conversation, I agreed to postpone starting this morning, to call on Mr. King and another friend or two, to state to them the urgent necessity of my going, and to abide by their decision. This has been done, and they have decided that I cannot consistently with my public duty go at present. The principal reason which requires my remaining is the Tariff Bill. This bill is now in the House of Representatives, and will probably pass that House in the course of a week. The whole delegation from Massachusetts are opposed to it. According to the best calculations that can be made in the Senate, there will not be a single vote to spare; and if, under these circumstances, I should be gone, and the bill should pass for want of my vote, I should never forgive myself, nor should I ever be forgiven. I need not, I cannot, tell you how painful this decision is. My business in court, I know, must greatly suffer by it, and many of my clients must experience great disappointment. But to me, the disappointment which I shall experience, and that which you also, I know, will feel, inflict the keenest pain."

"WASHINGTON, April 10, 1824.

"On this day, my dear wife, I had flattered myself and assured you that I should have the happiness of meeting and enjoying the society of those most dear to me. The causes which prevented, I have given you in my former letters. I do not now perceive that there is a prospect of getting away very soon. As soon, however, as the tariff is disposed of, I shall make my way home as speedily as possible. It still lags in the House of Representatives, and I am not without hope that it will meet its quietus there. The face of nature, as well as the calls of business and the solicitude of affection, admonishes me that it is time for me to be at home. The winter here has been exceedingly mild and open, but, the month of March having been cold and wet, the spring is more backward than usual. Peach-trees are just putting forth their blossoms, and those who have gardens are just getting in their seeds. But, although there are plenty of lands lying waste and uncultivated all over the city, few of the inhabitants have either industry or taste enough to convert them into fruitful fields. It is now more than a week since I have received any communication from Northampton, nor can I expect to for nearly a week to come; and as you have been so kind and attentive in favoring me with your letters lately, I assure you I feel their loss with the greatest sincerity. Letters from other quarters, however, and especially from Boston, I have had in abundance upon business and politics. I am very anxious to learn the result of our election of governor, and hope, with all my soul, that Mr. Lathrop may be chosen. I am sorry to see, by a Boston paper received yesterday, that an extract is given from a letter written by me, in perfect confidence, to Mr. Otis. I have received a letter from him explaining how it came to be published, which, though far short of a justification, furnishes some apology for such a breach of confidence. I did not intend to appear as a partisan before the public at this time, and, although there is nothing in the publication but what is strictly true, I regret, on many accounts, that it has seen the light under my name."

"Tuesday, April 20, 1824.

"The great question which now keeps me here, to wit, the Tariff Bill, has just got into our House, and will not be finally decided for a fortnight or three weeks yet to come. I cannot express to you the regret I feel at not being able to attend our court, for I am sensible I am in all respects more *at home* there than here. If you are inquired of as to the prospect of the tariff passing the Senate, I authorize you to say that I think it will pass by a majority of one or two. I know that many of my friends, in our part of the State, wish it to pass. But I believe it is because they do not understand its operation upon the great and essential interests of our part of the country. As it now stands, I shall certainly vote against it, though it may be so modified as to gain my support. I do not mention these things to you, my dear wife, because I suppose you take any interest in the subject yourself, but because I think you may be inquired of as to the fate of the bill, and as to the opinion of your husband in relation to it."

"WASHINGTON, April 28, 1824.

"I have this moment returned from the Senate, where we have had a long and labored debate upon the tariff, for the first time in our body. The discussion was commenced by myself, on a motion to strike out the additional duty on iron. I made a speech in support of my motion of about an hour, which, you may rest assured, was a pretty good one, although I shall not take the trouble of writing it out for publication. I cannot seek popularity in that way. The debate was continued through the day, and the motion finally prevailed by a majority of one vote. I do not, however, consider the question as settled, for the Vice-President still has a casting vote, and may prevent its success. If this motion should, at last, be confirmed in Senate, I shall consider the tariff as put to rest, and should hope to get away in the course of a week or ten days; otherways I shall be detained, Heaven only knows how long. I will say to you, and to you only, that, at a large meeting of friends belonging to the Senate, I had the honor of being selected to make this first assault upon this important bill, which so nearly divides both Houses of Congress, and the whole country."

"Sunday, Jan. 2, 1825.

"I have only time to write a single line or two before the mail closes. I have been all day engaged in reading and collecting letters of recommendation and applications for the office of postmaster, so unexpectedly vacated by the sudden death of my old friend, Daniel Wright. I will mention to you a few of the candidates, by which you will perceive the embarrassments in which I am placed. Mr. Jon<sup>a</sup>. H. Lyman, Samuel Lyman, Mr. Forbes, Thos. Shepherd, Hunt Wright, Wm. Hutchens, Nathl. Fowle, Sim<sup>n</sup>. Butler, Dr. Stebbins, Saml. Wells, and Heman Pomeroy,—all of them my personal friends, and all well qualified for the office. I shall, however, present all their claims fairly before the Postmaster-General, and let him decide upon them to-morrow. Many of them must be disappointed, and some of them probably will be offended. I beg you not to mention the name of Mr. Wells, as he wished it to be kept secret. We had, yesterday, our great congressional dinner for General Lafayette,—and a splendid one I assure you it was, as you will see in a day or two by the papers. Upwards of two hundred at three tables. I had no small share of the labor to perform, as usual; and if you see among the toasts, which we were obliged to guard with *politic* discretion, any that you think good, give me the credit, for I assure you I deserve it. Though the day was excessively stormy, every thing went off remarkably well."

"Wednesday, Feb. 16, 1825.

"You say my friends in Boston were anxious to learn my opinion upon the result of the presidential election. To tell the truth, I avoided writing upon that subject as much as possible. I knew how variable public opinion upon the subject was here. I knew, too, what the feelings, wishes, and anxieties that existed as to the success or

defeat of Mr. Adams were. I knew the spirit of speculation that prevailed in Boston, and I was determined that no man should be able to say that he had hazarded his money upon the strength of my opinion, and had sustained a loss by its fallacy. There is quite as much speculation and excitement here now as before the election. Who is to come into the cabinet, go on foreign missions, or obtain other and more subordinate places under the new dynasty, are the daily topics of conjecture and conversation. Of one thing you may rest assured, that, although there is a perfectly good understanding between the president-elect and myself, I have nothing to expect, nor would I ask any thing at his hands. If the election had gone otherwise, I might have stood on different ground.

I mentioned in my last that there were a great many Massachusetts people here. Since then I have seen Mr. and Mrs. Revere, and Mr. and Mrs. Derby. Indeed, the city is full of Yankees, come to witness the inauguration of our Yankee President. This same President of ours is a man that I can never court, nor be on very familiar terms with. There is a cold, repulsive atmosphere about him that is too chilling for my respiration, and I shall certainly keep at a distance from its influence. I wish him God speed in his administration, and am heartily disposed to lend him my feeble aid whenever he may need it in a correct course; but he cannot expect me to become his warm and devoted partisan. He wants heart and all those qualities which attract and attach people strongly to him. An *interested* support he will get from many, but a warm and hearty one from none."

"Friday, Feb. 18, 1825.

"In this evening's paper we have the very great and very sincere pleasure to present our readers the very able and admirable speech of Mr. Mills, of Massachusetts, on one of the most interesting and important subjects that has ever been discussed within the walls of Congress. Every sentence of this lucid and eloquent speech should, at the present time, be carefully and most attentively perused, for its principles are all in strict conformity to the established laws of nature and nations, and should as widely as possible be circulated throughout the country, in order that the whole community may entertain the same sound and correct views in relation to it. . . . Since the Senate have been gravely engaged in discussing the precise rules of law, so as cautiously to avoid trespassing upon the rights of the abettors of piracy, every civilian in that honorable body was rationally expected to enlist his best talents on the interesting occasion, and to bring forward openly the best fruits of his enlightened mind, for the purpose of informing and directing that honorable body in the best course to be pursued. Whatever others may have done, or not done, Mr. Mills has entitled himself to the thanks and applause of his fellow-citizens throughout the United States for the able and distinguished part he has boldly taken."

"You will excuse me, I know, my dear Harriette, for copying this extract from a New York paper, of the remarks of the editor on my

piracy speech. I have here no puffers, retainers, or hangers-on; and as this is a voluntary comment of an enlightened editor, I feel a gratification in communicating it to *you*. Indeed, if I know myself, I feel more gratification on your account than any other. I took no pains to procure the publication of the speech, nor have I written to any one upon the subject. I know very well the efforts that other people make here; but I desire to thank Heaven that I feel above the little arts so often practised to gain popularity. If I cannot command it by my *open* efforts to deserve it, I do not want it."

"WASHINGTON, Dec. 16, 1825.

"I enclose for your *information* (as we say when we send an important document to our constituents) a list of furniture in the President's house, taken in March, before Mr. Adams removed into it. You are not, however, to suppose that there is no more now, for, on account of the great deficiency, Congress appropriated, at the close of last session, fourteen thousand dollars more to furnish it decently. I was at the drawing-room last evening for about half an hour, and though well filled with fashionable and agreeable people, I was glad to retreat to my chamber and my business. Mrs. Adams is in very feeble health, and I think will fall a victim to the station she fills, or rather to the ambition of filling it *gracefully*."

"Friday, Dec. 23, 1825.

"I have been intending to write the girls, and some of my friends at home, but I really can find no time. I am on two standing, and two select, committees, all of which have a multiplicity of business before them; and, as I never shrink from my proportion, at least, of labor, I am kept very constantly occupied. I passed an hour to-day with the President, who, I found, was very gracious and friendly. He urged me, when coming away, to call often—spend an evening; and added that they dined every day at five o'clock, and that it would give him great pleasure if I would come any day, and as often as I could, *sans cérémonie*, and dine with him *en famille*. So much for my standing at court. Don't set this narration down to my vanity, for I tell it you only to afford you gratification, or to afford you an opportunity to laugh at me, as you please; but I tell it to no one else. With no strong personal attachment to Mr. Adams, I have found myself compelled, by a sense of duty, to support his measures in most instances, and I am not sorry to find that he appreciates my poor services as he ought. I had promised Mr. Van Buren and Mr. Eaton to go to Baltimore with them to-morrow, and keep Christmas, but I find it will be impossible, and have sent them word accordingly. Though much alone, I am not idle.

"A fire broke out in the library of the Capitol last night, and the whole building narrowly escaped destruction. It was subdued, however, after the destruction of a great number of books,—not, indeed, the most valuable,—and the ruin of the most beautiful and tasteful apartment in the Capitol. As I am two miles from the scene, fortunately, my slumbers were not broken by the alarm."



“WASHINGTON, Feb. 8, 1826.

“I am called here an Administration man, and am on the most intimate terms at the palace. I called on the President the other evening, and while alone with him in his cabinet, the servant announced supper. I went with him to the supper-room, where we found Mrs. A. and her two nieces, and had a supper of roast oysters in the shell, opening them ourselves, which of course was not a very pleasant or *cleanly* process; but with whiskey and water with supper, and a little hot punch after it, we had quite a frolic. He meets with a most formidable and virulent opposition, especially in Senate, and it is no small task, I assure you, to overcome it. The session is getting to be more stormy and unpleasant than any I have known since I have been in Senate, and I fear will be growing more and more so. But I know you have no taste for accounts of political squabbles. I will not, therefore, bore you with them. I have been to no evening parties for some time. I am going to-night to the drawing-room with William Lee, to present him to the President. It is to me a very dull scene, and I usually pass my time there in political conversation with some few in a corner.”

“WASHINGTON, Feb. 26, 1826.

“For the last week the Senate have been in secret session every day till five or six o'clock, and by the time we get home and dine, the evening is worn away. But I will not trouble you with my perplexities. I know you have enough of your own. Mr. Gaillard,\* of whose sickness I believe I have informed you, is probably by this time removed from his earthly sufferings. I heard, an hour or two ago, that they expected every moment he would breathe his last. He is two miles from me, and I have not since heard whether he is dead or alive. Mr. McIlvaine, a member of the Senate, from New Jersey, and Mr. Southard, the Secretary of the Navy, are also both very sick, the former dangerously.”

“WASHINGTON, Feb. 27, 1826.

“We are now assembling in the Senate chamber to pay our last tribute of respect to Mr. Gaillard of South Carolina, late one of our members. He has been, without interruption, a member of this body for twenty-one years, and President of the Senate, *pro tem.*, for the last fourteen years. He was a man of great urbanity of manners, equanimity of temper, and moderation of feeling. In point of talents, undistinguished, and indeed almost insignificant; and furnishing a striking proof how much our success in life, and our posthumous fame, depend upon trivial circumstances. He was originally brought into public notice, and elevated to preside over the Senate, merely because he was obnoxious to no personal or party objection. His course has been smooth and unruffled; and while he has left no memorial of his usefulness or his talents, the *records* of the

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\* John Gaillard, Senator from South Carolina, from 1804 until his death in 1826. — L.

government will hold him up to all future ages as holding, for a long time, one of its highest and most distinguished offices. I believe he has left no family. His wife died many years ago. Of his private character I know but little, though, in some respects, it is said not to have been governed by the strictest morality. But he is gone; and peace to his ashes!"

"WASHINGTON, March 10, 1826.

"It is now a week since I have been able to attend to any serious occupation, having been during that time under the operation of what I suppose must be called the influenza, although it has with me been attended with none of the ordinary symptoms of a cold. I have, however, been two or three times to the Senate; and am now, thank Heaven, convalescent. I was seized with a most excruciating pain in the head, a little stricture across the breast, attended with some fever, and a total prostration of strength, and an entire incapacity for thought or action. Mr. Randolph, who, among all his caprices and eccentricities, has lately taken a great liking to me, although we are opposed upon all public matters, perceiving the first symptoms of my attack, came to me and offered his services and his medical skill,—to which, you know, I make no pretensions. I was about sending for a physician, against which he most solemnly protested, unless I preferred being murdered to dying a natural death,—adding that as sure as I put myself under the care of a Washington doctor, I should be 'food for worms' in three weeks. He therefore undertook to prescribe for me. I have followed his directions and am nearly restored. He now lives within a few doors of me, and has called almost every evening and morning to see me. This has been very kind in him, but is no earnest of continued friendship. In his likings and dislikings, as in every thing else, he is the most eccentric being upon the face of the earth, and is as likely to abuse friend as foe. Hence, among all those with whom he has been associated during the last thirty years, there is scarcely an individual whom he can call his friend. At times he is the most entertaining and amusing man alive, with manners the most pleasant and agreeable; and at other times he is sour, morose, crabbed, ill-natured, and sarcastic,—rude in manners, and repulsive to everybody. Indeed, I think he is partially deranged, and seldom in the full possession of his reason.

Mr. Everett\* yesterday delivered a speech in the House of Representatives which perfectly sustained the high reputation which he has acquired at home, and is spoken of as one of the ablest and most profound, as well as most eloquent, speeches that has ever been made in that body. I did not hear it, but this is the account of it which I get from all quarters. The subject was McDuffie's proposed amendment to the Constitution,† and he spoke in opposition to it. I am much gratified

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\* Edward Everett. — L.

† George McDuffie, at this time member of Congress from South Carolina. His amendment was intended to secure uniformity in the manner of choosing congressmen and presidential electors. — L.

to find that Massachusetts is reviving, and by the talents and ability of her Representatives is regaining the high stand she occupied in the days of her Ames, her Dexter, and her Otis. In Senate, too, permit me to say, she is not despised, but has her full share of weight and influence, although there is there at present much more of party bitterness than prevails in the House. The Panama question is still pending before us, and when it will be disposed of Heaven only knows; I hope, however, in a few days. I impute my late attack in a great measure to my constant and unwearied attention to that subject, and my efforts, I hope successful, in its favor."

"WASHINGTON, April 8, 1826.

"I am distressed beyond measure with the prospect of being detained here so long, though I still hope to be able to return in season for our Supreme Court. We have much yet to do, but with Randolph's perpetual gabble about every thing *but the subject in debate*, there seems to be an impossibility of effecting any thing."

"WASHINGTON, April 9, 1826.

"As Rumor with her hundred tongues is already busy in misrepresenting the affair of yesterday, I take the earliest opportunity to give you as correct an account as I have been able to get of it. Mr. Randolph, as you have seen, has been pursuing Mr. Clay in his speeches in Senate with every species of accusation, affecting his moral and political purity. Mr. Clay, writhing under this torture until it became insufferable, sent him a challenge, and yesterday at four o'clock they met. They exchanged shots without any injury to either, and their pistols were a second time loaded. At the word given by the seconds, Mr. Clay fired without effect, and Randolph, after a moment's hesitation, fired his pistol into the air, advanced to Clay, and without any apology or explanation gave him his hand. Mr. Clay could not refuse, and there the affair ended. One of Mr. Clay's balls passed through the skirts of Randolph's flannel gown or long coat, which he wore upon the occasion, but no other injury happened. I was at home, very unconscious of all this, until evening, and have not seen any of the parties to-day. The rumor this moment brought me by Mr. Lee is that another similar affair has taken place to-day (Sunday) between Mr. McDuffie and Mr. Trimble of Kentucky, but I do not believe it. The excitement, however, runs high, and it requires all the prudence and coolness of New England habits and education to keep clear of the contest. Our friend, Major Hamilton; is among the most zealous, and it is said that he went out as a mere *amateur* to witness the rencontre between Mr. Clay and Mr. Randolph. I fear the controversy will not stop until some blood has been shed, but I hope good sense will prevail over the present state of irritation."

"WASHINGTON, Feb. 16, 1827.

"MY DEAR MR. BLAKE, — "If I had not soon after my arrival promised to write you a long letter in a few days, I should, I doubt not, have

written you a half dozen times before now. But every time I have felt disposed to fulfil my promise, the idea that I must write a *long* letter occurred, and my strength and my heart failed. Indeed, my dear sir, for the last four or five weeks my health has been such that I have had neither physical strength nor mental energy for any effort of mind or body. When I left Philadelphia I was obviously gaining every day, and continued so for two or three weeks after my arrival here. But the excessively cold weather, and the exposure of attending the Senate, produced a return of my complaints, and I have suffered not a little from them. I have been obliged to keep my room most of the time, going to the Senate only when a vote was necessary on some important question. Since the weather has become more mild, however, I feel a little recruited, and were I not obliged occasionally to expose myself by going to the Senate and being kept there to a late hour, I might hope to reach the end of the session without another relapse. Situated as my health now is, the best news I could have from our legislature would be that they had postponed the election to the June session, — and, indeed, I have but very little objection to their choosing any respectable man for my successor. Under the circumstances of the case, I have felt that I could not withdraw, and I confess I should have been mortified for the character of the State if the choice had fallen upon another inefficient, taciturn gentleman, or one who had nothing but garrulity and self-sufficiency to recommend him. If they will send you here, my dear sir, no man in Massachusetts will more cordially acquiesce in the choice than myself, and I should feel that the State was honored by the exchange, and should hope that no feelings of delicacy towards me would prevent your friends from bringing you forward, or you from acceding to such a proposition. I presume, however, the question is settled in some way before this time. If I know my own heart I can truly say to you that a seat in the Senate for the next two years would not to me be a desirable situation, and that I *had rather* be *out* than *in*. For unless I am exceedingly deceived in the signs of the times, those two years will exhibit in our national legislature scenes of turbulence, of violence, of political rancor and personal abuse, such as have never been witnessed in our country. In addition to this, you know the talents of the members of our body, and the disproportion already in opposition. By the recent elections, the probability is that they will moreover have a numerical majority. Under these circumstances, I envy no man who comes into the Senate from Massachusetts with the expectation of giving efficient aid to the Administration. He will find his situation not only personally unpleasant, but laborious in the extreme.

“During the present session I have been unable to open my mouth in the way of debate, and I cannot describe to you the mortification and chagrin which I have endured, at the almost total want of talent, but above all of energy and political courage, on the part of Mr. Adams's friends. They are actually run over dry-shod, without appearing to dare make any resistance. But these remarks are intended solely for you. I could be more particular. There is talent enough

to do better, but there is neither energy, unity of action, nor mutual confidence. Your friend Robbins,\* for instance, is a man of information and respectable talents, and of political courage enough. But he has no *tact*. He times nothing well. He never secures attention, and his influence is rather of the negative kind. Governor Bell † is a good, true friend to the Administration, but he differs from them on some important measures, and is always anxious to avoid controversy. Sanford, ‡ of New York, is also a *professed* friend of the Administration, but like every other New York man is a mere *politician*, without rising to the dignity of a *statesman*, and is constantly considering how he can best subserve *his own* interests, without much reference either to the Administration or the country. General Harrison § is obstinate, self-willed, garrulous, without sense, and perpetually injuring the cause he espouses. Johnston, || of Louisiana, is good and true, and would be a respectable auxiliary of an efficient leader, as would also Mr. Chambers, ¶ of Maryland. General Smith,\*\* as you know, is scatter-brained and *uncertain*, and has the confidence of nobody. These men comprise the strength of the Administration in Senate, — and what are they in the hands of the phalanx in opposition? If I were ten years younger, and in perfect health, I should like well enough the *éclat* of placing myself at the head of the feeble band of Administration men, and stemming with sturdy sinews, and with what success I might, the hosts of the enemy. But I have neither youth nor health, and have lost something of that ardor that would be necessary to sustain me. Pray do not let a word of all this escape you as from me.

“Poor Amory has again returned without getting a decision on his bill. It was most unworthily and cruelly disposed of. There was, as you know, a favorable report in the very first days of the session. Immediately on my arrival I called it up, — its merits were explained, and the case opened by Mr. Robbins, and opposed by Kane, †† of Illinois. It was then postponed to a day certain, the next Monday. It was then taken up and a most able and satisfactory argument made in its favor by Mr. Berrien, ‡‡ but Van Buren being absent, as *it was said* on account of sickness, it was, on motion of Mr. Holmes, laid on the table. This course was assented to, with the avowed determination on the part of its friends to call it up the moment Van Buren should attend in his place. Meanwhile, the Bankrupt Bill came on, and that occupied the Senate for two or three weeks, and my health became such that I could only go into Senate to give a vote. Amory had intrusted the care of the bill to Mr. Robbins, who made the report, and he was wheedled along by Van

\* Asher Robbins, Senator from Rhode Island. — L.

† Samuel Bell, Senator from New Hampshire. — L.

‡ Nathan Sanford. — L.

§ William Henry Harrison, at this time Senator from Ohio. — L.

|| Josiah S. Johnston. — L.

¶ Ezekiel F. Chambers. — L.

\*\* Samuel Smith, of Maryland. — L.

†† Elias K. Kane. — L.

‡‡ John McPherson Berrien, Senator from Georgia. — L.

Buren under one pretence and another of *personal* convenience to postpone calling it up, from day to day and from week to week, assuring him that he had no wish to prevent the Senate coming to a final decision the present session. So it remained, notwithstanding all my assurances, whenever I saw Amory, that Van Buren would at last deceive him. The day before yesterday, however, Mr. Robbins ventured to call it up. The motion was acquiesced in by Van Buren, and sustained by the Senate, and Van Buren rose, as everybody supposed, to attempt to answer Berrien's argument, and to make a speech in opposition to the bill. Amory, delighted that he was at last about to get a definite vote, and feeling, as he had a right to feel, a strong confidence of success, immediately hastened to Coyle's to give me notice, that I might be there in season to vote. But before he could return to the Senate chamber, lo, Mr. Van Buren, the immaculate and fair-minded Mr. Van Buren, perceiving that I and two or three other friends of the bill were absent, suddenly turned his speech into a motion to lay on the table, — a motion that does not admit of debate, — alleging that the session had so nearly expired that there would not be time to act upon it deliberately, and that it ought to be postponed. This motion was at once put, and prevailed, and when Amory arrived it was thus disposed of. I never felt more indignant at any proceeding in my life. It was a shameful and miserable manœuvre, in violation of good faith and of an express promise, and altogether unworthy of a senator or a man of common honesty. I reckon this among the greatest misfortunes of my ill-health the present winter, — for I am very confident that if I had been able to take the management of the claim into my own hands, I should have had a decision weeks ago upon it, and I have very little doubt that the bill would have passed. I hope you will not understand me as imputing any blame to Mr. Amory. He was obliged to rely upon Mr. Robbins, and Robbins was deceived and imposed upon by Van Buren."

Mr. G. DEXTER communicated a gift to the Cabinet, saying: —

I have been instructed, Mr. President, to ask the Society's acceptance of a portrait in pastel of Jean Jacques Rousseau, which I have caused to be brought here to-day. It is a copy from the original by Latour, who, as is well known, became the most famous of French artists in this style of painting, was named pastel painter to the king, and given an apartment in the Louvre. This copy was made in Paris in 1846, by Mrs. Charles C. Little, then Miss Abby Wheaton, daughter of the late Hon. Henry Wheaton, and is offered to the Society by her. At the time the copy was made, the portrait, considered one of Latour's best works, was in the possession of Sébastien Cornu, himself an artist of merit. An idea of his estimation of its value may be obtained from the fact that

he allowed Mrs. Little's copy only on the express condition that no other copy should ever be made from it. Madame Cornu, the wife of the artist, will be remembered as the foster sister of Napoleon III. She has published one or two books, besides her contributions to reviews and encyclopædias.

It seems to me that this picture will be an agreeable accession to the Society's Cabinet, and I move therefore that it be accepted, and that the thanks of the Society be returned to Mrs. Little for her valuable gift.

The Society voted to accept the portrait of Rousseau, and the Secretary was directed to return their grateful acknowledgment to Mrs. Little for her interesting gift.

Mr. DEXTER then announced the publication of a new volume of Proceedings, as follows:—

I wish, also, to announce for the committee the publication of a new volume of Proceedings, volume xviii., bringing the record of the Society's meetings down to and including the meeting in June last. All the Society's proceedings are now printed, and we begin afresh to-day.

I cannot forget that the September meeting a year ago was the last which it was my privilege to attend. For nearly a whole year I have been absent from my place at this table, not, however, of my own motion. I must be allowed to take the earliest opportunity after my return to offer my warm thanks to the Society for the very kind and complimentary manner in which they declined to accept my resignation as Secretary last October. It was a comfort to me then, Mr. President and Gentlemen, to know that my efforts to maintain the high standard of the printed Proceedings were so valued that the Society were unwilling to dispense with my services until the experiment of an European voyage should decide whether I could continue them. It was a constant satisfaction to me, during my absence, to be able to look forward to a return to the congenial duties of an office so generously kept open by your kindness. For all this I can only thank you most sincerely.

I owe particular thanks to my college friend and classmate, the Rev. Mr. Foote, for his willingness to assume the burden of the secretaryship *pro tempore*, in addition to the many calls and duties of a city clergyman. Another friend and classmate, the Rev. Mr. Porter, served at a meeting which Mr. Foote was unable to attend. How ably these gentlemen per-

formed their duties, making, perhaps, my absence unfelt, is known to the Society. My absence necessarily entailed upon the other members of the publishing committee, Messrs. Smith and Green, a considerable increase of work. And Mr. Deane also aided in many ways to secure the prompt and correct printing of the Proceedings.

I have stated these facts in the prefatory note to the new volume, and have acknowledged there that the preparation of the larger part of the volume has been the work of the gentlemen I have named. But it seems to me, Mr. President, that some formal expression of gratitude is due from the Society, and I have prepared the following votes, which I now offer; asking pardon first, however, for the personal character of these introductory remarks.

*Voted*, That the thanks of the Massachusetts Historical Society are offered to the Rev. Henry W. Foote for his kind and valuable services as Recording Secretary *pro tempore* for nearly a year.

*Voted*, That the thanks of the Society are tendered to the Rev. Edward G. Porter for valuable assistance rendered in the performance of the duties of the Recording Secretary during the absence of that officer.

*Voted*, To present the thanks of the Society to Messrs. Smith and Green, the stated members of the committee to publish the Proceedings, and to Mr. Charles Deane, for the eighteenth volume, announced at this meeting.

These votes were unanimously adopted.

The PRESIDENT made the following communication on a portrait and bust of General Lafayette in Washington:—

At our last meeting, Gentlemen, I gave some account of the portrait of John Hampden, now in the Executive Mansion at Washington. I desire to allude this afternoon to the not less interesting portrait of Lafayette, in the Hall of the House of Representatives of the United States.

I had long been familiar with this portrait while a member of Congress, and particularly while it hung so near me during my Speakership of the House, more than thirty years ago. On looking at it again carefully, in April, 1880, while I was in Washington, I observed with concern that it was in great danger of being seriously injured by neglect, the surface of



it being already blistered and cracked. The House was in session at the time, and I was sitting, by the invitation of the Speaker, in the immediate neighborhood of General Garfield, — now the President of the United States, in whose sufferings we have all felt so deep a sympathy. I ventured to call the attention of General Garfield to the state of the picture, and he rose at once and asked and obtained the unanimous consent of the House to introduce a resolution for placing it in charge of the Library Committee for repair. This was done, and the portrait has now, I trust, been put into a safe condition for posterity.

Meahtime, however, I found that the history of the portrait was but imperfectly known; and more than one erroneous statement was made during the brief debate to which I listened on General Garfield's resolution. I accordingly resorted to the Congress Library to verify my remembrances of its history, and, in the course of my investigations, I discovered more than I had ever known before.

It seems that this noble full-length portrait of Lafayette was not only painted by the celebrated French artist, ARY SCHEFFER, as I well knew, but that it was presented by him to the House of Representatives of the United States.

As it was presented to a single branch of Congress, it was never acknowledged or recognized as a gift to the Country, and no record of its reception is to be found anywhere except in the Journal of the House. There, under date of "Thursday, Dec. 23, 1824," the following entries may be read: —

*Journal of the House of Representatives, Thursday, Dec. 23, 1824.*

The Speaker laid before the House the following communication, viz.: —

PARIS, Oct. 17, 1824.

SIR, — I send by the ship "Cadmus," Captain Francis Allyn (who has kindly promised to take it on to Washington), a full-length portrait of General Lafayette,\* painted by me, which I pray you to do me the honor to accept for the Hall of the House of Representatives, over which you preside.

As the friend and admirer of General Lafayette, and of American liberty, I feel happy to have it in my power to express, in this way, my grateful feelings for the national honors which the free people of the United States are, at this moment, bestowing on the friend and

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\* The Speaker mentioned to the House that the portrait had not been received by him at this time.

companion in arms of your illustrious *Washington*, on *the man* who has been so gloriously received by you as the "Nation's Guest."

Accept, sir, with the above testimony of my sentiments for your country, and for my venerable friend, the sincere assurance of my profound respect.

A. SCHEFFER.

To the Hon. *The Speaker of the House of Representatives*,  
U. S., Washington.

The said letter was read and laid upon the table.

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*House Journal, Thursday, Jan. 20, 1825.*

On motion of Mr. Van Rensselaer, it was

*Ordered*, That the Speaker answer the letter of Mr. Scheffer, of Paris, and make to him suitable acknowledgments for the fine portrait of General Lafayette, which he has presented to the House of Representatives.

*Ordered*, That the Speaker direct where the portrait of General Lafayette be suspended.

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The Speaker at that time was the illustrious Henry Clay, of Kentucky, afterwards Secretary of State, and Senator. He undoubtedly made an appropriate answer to the letter of the eminent French artist, but there is no copy of it extant.

An excellent engraving of the portrait was executed in Paris at the time, which is still occasionally to be found. I have a copy myself, which has peculiar value for me as having been brought over to my mother by Lafayette's own hand, when he came as the nation's guest in 1824.

But the portrait itself is one of great value, and one whose history should not be lost sight of hereafter.

Before parting from the name of Lafayette,—every thing about whom is interesting in connection with the approaching Yorktown Centennial,—I desire to mention that my friend Mr. Dexter, our Recording Secretary, has kindly called my attention to a bust of him, presented to Congress, in 1828, by M. DAVID,—then a member of the Institute of France, a Professor of the School of Painting at Paris, and a member of the Legion of Honor,—executed by himself.

The gift was communicated by the following letter to the President of the United States, which was transmitted to Congress, with the bust, by President John Quincy Adams, on the 29th of January, 1829:—

PARIS, Sept. 11, 1828.

TO THE PRESIDENT.

I have executed a bust of Lafayette. I could have wished to have raised a statue to him; not for his benefit, for he does not require it, but for ourselves, who feel so ardently the desire to express the love and admiration with which he inspires us.

The whole youth of France envy both the youth and the old age of him whose resemblance I send you.

They envy that glory which was acquired on your American soil, by the side of the immortal Washington, in defence of your inestimable rights.

They envy that glory which was acquired on the soil of France, in the midst of the troubles of Paris and Versailles, in those councils where it required more courage to contend in argument than is necessary to combat in arms.

They envy that glory which crowns a head white with age, but still glowing with the fires of liberty and patriotism.

It is in the name of this youth of France, anxious to imitate whatever is generous and great, that I present to you the work on which I have bestowed much time and labor.

I could have wished it had been more worthy of the subject, more worthy of the place I desire it should occupy. Yes, sir, I could wish that the bust of our brave General, of our illustrious Deputy, might be set up in the Hall of Congress near the monument erected to Washington,—the son by the side of the father; or rather, that the two brothers in arms, the two companions in victory, the two men of order and of law, should not be more separated in our admiration than they were in their wishes and in their perils.

Lafayette is one of the ties that connect the two worlds. A few months since he revisited your land, consecrated by justice and equality, and you restored him to us honored by your hospitality and your homage.

In my turn I restore him to you, or rather I only restore to you his image: for he himself must remain with us, in order to recall frequently to the national councils those eternal principles on which the independence of nations reposes, and the hopes of mankind are built.

I am, with profound respect, Mr. President,

Your very humble and obedient servant,

DAVID,

*Member of the French Institute, and Professor of the School of Painting; Member of the Legion of Honor.*

This bust was accepted by Congress soon afterwards and placed among the treasures of the Capitol.

The name of the artist, by whom it was executed and presented, was Pierre Jean David. He was known as David d'Angers, having been born at Angers in France, and is thus distinguished from the great painter of Napoleon, Jacques

Louis David, who died in 1825, of whom he had been a pupil and whose niece he married. He had himself produced a statue of the great Prince of Condé, which gave him a high reputation, and he was thereupon employed by the French Government in adorning the Pantheon with sculptures. He executed, also, a bust of Washington, which is believed to be at the Capitol with that of Lafayette. He died in 1856.

Mr. JOHN L. SIBLEY communicated the following particulars of the early life of his college classmate, Judge Ames, which he thought might be interesting, as they partook of the nature of autobiography. He had taken them down from the Judge's own lips in May, 1858.

Seth Ames says that he was born at Dedham, Mass., 19 April, 1805. His father, Fisher Ames (H. U., 1774), married Frances, third daughter of the Hon. John Worthington, of Springfield. The earliest recollection of the son is of going into the room to see the corpse of his father. His first teacher was Betty Gould, a very good woman, but a fanatical Methodist, who was talking religion chiefly instead of teaching. Subsequently he went to school in Dedham to the Rev. Titus Strong. Afterward he went to James Foord several years, beginning and pursuing Latin and Greek under him. Some two years before entering college, with one other Dedham boy and two or three young men in the navy, he went to school to Cheever Felch, a chaplain in the navy who knew but little Latin or Greek, though he went through the forms of hearing the boys recite. Then he studied some with his brother, J. Fisher Ames (H. U., 1822). In March, 1821, he went to Phillips Academy, Andover, under John Adams, Mr. Clement, and a Mr. Phillips; and from thence, with Augustus H. Fiske, entered college in 1821. In the winter of the Junior year he taught school at Weston, and in the Senior year at Groton. In college he obtained a first Bowdoin prize. He roomed with Fiske all the way through college, and subsequently a year and a term while in the Law School, then under Professor Stearns. He spent the whole of the year 1827 in the office of the Hon. George Bliss of Springfield. In 1828, in January, he entered the office of the Hon. Lemuel Shaw, of Boston, where he remained till he was admitted to the bar in Dedham, in September, 1828, and in the same month opened an office in Lowell. Oct. 13, 1831, he was married to Miss Margaret Stevenson Bradford (born 1804), daughter of Gamaliel Bradford, and she died 17 Oct., 1847. By her he had Frances Worthington, born 16 Aug., 1832, who was married 30 Sept., 1854, to Francis Howland, Esq., of New York (H. U., 1849); John Worthington, born 23 Nov., 1833; Fisher, born 24 Jan., 1838; Pelham Warren, born 22 April, 1839; Richard, born 25 Dec., 1840, died 6 May, 1841; Susan Dunkin, born 6 Aug., 1842, died 26 July, 1844. He married (2d) 25 Sept., 1849, Miss Abby Fisher, daughter

of the Rev. Samuel and Henrietta (Bridge) Dana, born 19 Oct., 1819, by whom he has no children.

He was in the House of Representatives in 1832; in the Senate in 1841; was alderman of Lowell in 1836, 1837, and 1840; and city solicitor for some six or eight years, till he left Lowell and moved to Cambridge in September, 1849. He was appointed clerk of the courts of Middlesex County by the Judges of the Supreme Court, in July, 1849, and was elected also by the people in 1856, when the office was made elective. In April, 1848, he went to Europe, and returned in September of the same year, having been to England, France, and Naples, and returned by the Rhine, Brussels, Paris, and England, home. He edited the second edition of his father's works.

Mr. SIBLEY spoke also of Colonel Trumbull's visit to Cambridge in 1841 or 1842, and of his portrait of Governor Gore, now in Memorial Hall. He read extracts from a letter which he had lately received from Professor Silliman of Yale College, whose mother was Colonel Trumbull's niece. Professor Silliman has the desk upon which Trumbull, as Fifth Commissioner under the seventh article of Jay's treaty with Great Britain, wrote the opinions and decisions of the commissioners to settle the claims of Americans for losses by illegal captures of their vessels by British cruisers. Governor Gore was also a commissioner, and their intimacy began here. There are at least three portraits of Gore by Trumbull: one at Cambridge, one in New Haven, and a third in the Cabinet of this Society. Professor Silliman has also a considerable number of Gore's letters to Trumbull. He remarks in his letter that the volumes of "Trumbull Papers" in the Society's Library were given to Boston by a fit of ill temper of Governor Trumbull's executor because the corporation of Yale College, as Colonel William Williams thought, was lukewarm about receiving them.\*

The President presented in the name of the Hon. William Aspinwall a photograph of the old Aspinwall house in Brookline, for which the thanks of the Society were ordered. He presented also two pamphlets which he had lately received from their authors.†

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\* The Society obtained these papers from David Trumbull and other heirs of the Governor. See Proceedings, vol. i., pp. 68, 83, 85. The State of Connecticut attempted to reclaim them in 1845, but the Society declined to surrender them. Proceedings, vol. ii., pp. 322, 330, 343, 357. — EDS.

† One of these pamphlets, in Portuguese, is the fifth part of a "Diccionario de Numismatica Portugueza," by José do Amaral, B. de Tóro. The other, in Spanish, possesses perhaps more interest for historical scholars. It is a monograph entitled "Defensa del apellido familiar de Juan Sebastian del Cano," by D. Nicolás de Soraluze y Zubizarreta. With it the author sends a circular letter

Messrs. Deane, Winsor, and T. C. Amory were appointed a Committee to confer with the Overseers of the Poor, and to examine certain papers in the custody of that Board with a view to their publication in the Society's Proceedings.

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explaining that the Geographical Society of Madrid adopted in 1879 the spelling Elcano for the name of Magellan's lieutenant and successor in command of the expedition which first circumnavigated the globe; that the Royal Spanish Academy and the Royal Academy of History had before decided, in 1872 and 1873 respectively, that this name was J. S. del Cano, and not Elcano, and that in the *Informe* issued by the Academy of History a large number of proofs of this spelling advanced by him (Don Soraluze) had been adopted. He states also that both the Navarretes have acknowledged the correctness of this spelling. Under these circumstances he feels called upon to publish this "Defensa." It bears date May, 1881. — Eds.